The Nation

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The Week

Any settlement whatever in Mexico, even if but temporary, would have been welcome, and the one arrived at on Tuesday is perhaps as satisfactory as could have, at the moment, been found. Madero was depending solely upon his generals, and when they failed him, the game was up. What they did was not of the nature of a *golpe de estado*—that had come before—but was to force a cessation of the war raging in the very capital. By so much, it may be said that Generals Huerta and Blanquet acted patriotically. Something had speedily to be done to prevent, not alone a bloody and fruitless civil war, but foreign complications threatening the very independence of Mexico. The last have now seemingly been averted, and that is a great gain, even if the ultimate solution of the real Mexican problem remains yet in the unknown. There is no great promise in a military interregnum. One does not like the idea of the Pretorian Guard making Presidents. But the acute crisis is passed, and the Mexican people may yet find a way to struggle back to stable civil government. Meanwhile, what has already happened is a fine justification of the cool and sound policy of President Taft in keeping hands off. A precipitate intervention would have created ten thousand evils for every one that it cured. Mr. Taft stood resolutely by the position which he first took, that the Mexicans must be left to fight their own quarrels through—so long as Americans were not exposed in any numbers to slaughter—and the result must be a great source of gratification as well as relief to him. It certainly is to the whole country.

Last Monday was still Tuesday of last week in the Senate of the United States. An agreement to take a vote on the Connecticut Dam bill had been made for the "legislative day" of Tuesday, and as the speech-making could not be cut short, the day was cut long. The debate was long and earnest and really important; for there was involved the whole question of controlling water-power by the Government, and of compelling the users of water from a navigable stream, or the developers of electric power from it, to pay a reasonable tax. But the final vote of the Senate was against this new view of the Government's rights and duties, and the bill was passed without the provisions which champions of the conservation doctrine, like Senator Burton, had ardently advocated. It is not expected that the Connecticut Dam bill, in its present form, can pass the House at this session. Should it do so, it is understood that President Taft would veto it. Thus it would appear that the Senate had simply wasted its time. But if it has given the conservationists a juster idea of the opposing forces, and has the effect of inciting to new effort to get all these matters settled in the right way, the time spent has really been well spent.

Republican Senators in caucus at Washington on Saturday took action that looks decidedly interesting from the standpoint of political prognosis. In selecting as objects upon which effort is to be concentrated for the remainder of the session five bills of the kind that a few years ago would have been called progressive, and which now are more generally spoken of as Progressive, the Republican caucus has given perhaps the most substantial indication that has yet been furnished of the existence of a "get-together" process as between the two segments into which the Roosevelt revolt divided the party following. Of four of these five bills—or at least bills essentially identical with them—Mr. La Follette can claim the authorship; and all the five are advocated both by him and by the Progressive Senators. The Wisconsin Senator must be taking a grim satisfaction in such a verification of the claim that he kept insisting on throughout the tempestuous period when the Roosevelt whirlwind was sweeping through the country last year, after so unceremoniously blowing him off the field. Mr. La Follette always maintained that the progressive movement within the Republican party had been making enormous headway, and that everything looked hopeful for it until the Colonel rushed in and upset all that had been done. Whatever may be the fact on this head, certain it is that Mr. La Follette had been working strenuously and successfully for years in the promotion of a progressive programme, before Mr. Roosevelt discovered that there was anything in it; and it is easy to understand the Senator's feelings when the Colonel pushed him aside and made himself "the whole show." Mr. La Follette must feel now as though he were making a fresh start at the point where he left off a year ago.

It would be almost revolutionary if Mr. Wilson were to carry out his alleged purpose of confining his inaugural address to two thousand words. This would release the attention of the audience within fifteen minutes. An open-air speech to the multitude at an inclement season is like Macbeth's bloody errand—"'twere well it were done quickly." After all, most of those who face Mr. Wilson at the east front of the Capitol will have assembled, not to listen to a long disquisition, but to witness an impressive ceremony and to look into the face of the citizen whom a nation has raised to its highest office. Except at some critical juncture in public affairs, an inaugural address should seek terse expression which will interest by its spirit rather than by its argument, by its mirror of the man rather than by its promises of future accomplishment. To press into a few words what most of his predecessors have spread over many would put Mr. Wilson's rhetorical ability to a severe test, but his success would assure his remarks a reading not accorded to such an utterance since Lincoln's day.

The imposition of jail sentences on the president and twenty-eight officers or employees of the National Cash Register Company, as a result of their conviction under the Anti-Trust law, attracts wide attention for two reasons. It is only the second case in which such sentence has been imposed, and the company concerned is a well-known and important enterprise. The president of the company receives the extreme penalty prescribed by the Anti-Trust law—$5,000 fine and a year in prison. The defendants had been tried before a Federal jury in Cincinnati; under a grand jury

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indictment found on February 22 of last year. This was a criminal indictment, of which the counts alleged the driving of competitors from the trade by bribing their employees, injuring their credit, influencing transportation companies against them, cutting prices by illegitimate means, threatening suits for the purpose of harassing the business of rivals, organizing dummy competing corporations, and instigating suits against the patents of competitors for purposes of annoyance. The evidence has been detailed and voluminous; on Thursday of last week the jury found the defendants guilty on all counts of the indictment.

The judge, in imposing sentence, referred with special emphasis to the evidence that the concern had maintained a "competition department whose sole duties were, not to sell goods, but to prevent the sale of goods by competitors." As our readers know, the *Nation* has opposed, throughout the Anti-Trust suits, the newspaper clamor for general recourse to the imprisonment penalty of the law of 1890. We have held that, in the great majority of cases brought before the court there had been no clear agreement in the courts, prior to the Supreme Court's two great decisions in May of 1911, as to just what did or did not constitute restraint of trade. This being so, and defendants being able to show opinions of lower courts which were at least ambiguous, it appeared to us in the highest degree unreasonable to impose a penalty such as the law reserves habitually for offenders who violate it knowingly and defiantly. The weakness of the defence in the present case lay in the fact that nearly a year had elapsed since the Supreme Court's plain ruling on the nature of illegal restraint of trade, and in the character of the business methods alleged in the indictment. The motion made by the defendants' counsel for arrest of judgment bases itself, not on the ground of a verdict contrary to the evidence, but on grounds of legal technicality, including the contention that the Anti-Trust law is unconstitutional.

Gen. Woodford's death removes a Civil War veteran who, in addition to his services at the crisis of the nation's life, gave full devotion to his country in many forms of useful activity. His greatest opportunity came when, as Minister to Spain in 1898, he labored with might and main to prevent war. And he publicly maintained at Boston, in October of that year, that our Government could have obtained the withdrawal of Spanish rule from Cuba "without the firing of a shot or the loss of a life." This may have seemed an extreme statement at the time, but not when, three years later, the full story of his diplomatic negotiations and dispatches was for the first time published by the Washington authorities. Then it became clear that if President McKinley had not been so terrorized by Congress that he had not the courage to second Minister Woodford's efforts, hostilities could have been averted. It was on April 5, 1898, that Gen. Woodford sent a moving dispatch to the President —which he did not lay before Congress —giving the positive assurance that the Spanish Government was willing to grant two out of our three demands, with the other one virtually certain soon also to be granted, and adding: "I believe that this means peace, which the sober judgment of our people will approve long before next November [election month!], and which must be approved at the bar of final history." But McKinley already had his war message written, and sent it to Congress with only the barest mention of Minister Woodford's earnest appeal.

A State that gave the Roosevelt electors a plurality of 60,000 last November would seem to be one that was particularly without excuse for harboring any dickering or deals between the saints and the sinners, yet Michigan actually leads the way in a reuniting of the Republicans and the Progressives. The latter get the platform, which is so mediæval as to except judges from its proposal for the adoption of the recall, and the former have the satisfaction of marching under the same old banner which, up to June 18 of last year, even the Colonel held sacred. This unholy alliance proves that, however it may be in New York, former Chairman Hotchkiss's recent statement at Albany is not of universal application. The Progressive leader remarked: "I am safe in saying that the Progressives would not enter the same room with Republican leaders." He, or at least his chief, will be constrained to revise this assertion, however, when they give due consideration to the battle-cry of the Michigan Republicans. "Get together and fight the Democrats" was the heaven-sent word that dispelled all anger and threw brother once more into brother's arms.

Upon the statement of two negro women that they had seen him throw the body of a murdered white woman into a cellar, a negro was lynched at Houston, Miss. The next day a ring, said to have been the property of the murdered woman, was found in the possession of another negro, who confessed the crime. He was burned to death in the court house yard. And a dispatch solemnly records the report that "No further trouble is feared from the negroes, most of them taking the matter calmly, seeming to think that the guilty one received just punishment." What the innocent one received they are evidently too well schooled in the ways of justice to talk about. If anything could add to the ghastliness of this two days' exhibition in a single town, it would be supplied by the twenty-three-year-old son of an Evansville, Ind., factory owner, who deliberately shot and killed three negro employees of his father's, giving as his excuse that his victims were trying to run the plant, that they had threatened his life, and that they were carrying revolvers and knives. The police, it is explained, believe that the youth was temporarily insane. One is tempted to ask whether the same characterization will not be made of whole sections of the country one day.

"Few of us realize," says the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, "how the death-rate among infants has been steadily growing." The editorial is entitled "Startling Statistics," and it opens thus:

> One baby dies every ten seconds. Six babies die every minute. Three hundred and sixty babies die every hour, and eight thousand, six hundred and forty babies die every day.

There is, of course, nothing in these statistics to show that "the death-rate among infants is steadily growing"; but the impression made on the mind of the average reader by magazine articles, reform addresses, and the like, which seek to startle rather than to inform, is just such as has been made on the mind of this editor. It may be thought that this can do no harm; that,

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for instance, though the truth is that the death-rate among infants has been steadily and enormously diminishing, instead of "steadily growing," yet there is room for much more improvement, need for much more effort, and so the error can do no mischief. But in point of fact, this *class* of errors can do a great deal of mischief; for there is nothing that contributes so much to the growth of thoughtless revolutionism as the spread of false and reckless assertions concerning the actual tendencies of the existing order of society.

That Joaquin Miller's vogue should have been greater in London than it ever has been in this country is quite in accordance with Europe's traditional attitude towards American literature. The Old World has never forgiven us for failing to live up to its ideal of our primitive civilization. It is the volcanic or eccentric elements in our literature that Europe prefers to accept as typically American—Poe and Whitman in the spirit of their works, Bret Harte in his picturesque material, and Joaquin Miller in his own picturesque personality of flowing mane, flannel shirt, and boots. Miller's theatrical flair suited London's preconceived notions of our Far West, notions based partly on inductive reasoning, and partly on Bret Harte's romantic evocation of a California that never existed. The foreigner never ceases wondering why the tamers of a continent and the upbuilders of the greatest industrial society in history should fail to be inspired by the work of their own hands. Mr. Arnold Bennett is quoted as saying that, if Balzac had seen Pittsburgh, he would have cried out, "Give me a pen!" It is not at all unlikely that if Balzac had seen Pittsburgh he would have made a better go of those numerous commercial schemes for making money that he was always engaged upon. Instead of devoting himself to Père Goriot, he might have gone into partnership with Mr. Carnegie.

Judge Ward's decision that ex-President Castro was illegally excluded from this country by the immigration authorities, may be appealed from by the Government, but it has already had its due and wholesome effect. It has released Castro, but that is of minor consequence. He may come or go as he pleases, and hereafter will receive only the attention which his personality, such as it is, deserves. But the principle has been established that incoming aliens have rights under our laws, which the administrative officials cannot override. Above all, Judge Ward's decision makes an end of the absurd pretence of the Government that, because Castro refused, on examination, to incriminate himself, therefore he was a criminal. If such a doctrine had been set up in Venezuela, we know what would have been said of it here. To have it brushed aside by our own courts is a great clearing of the air. For the State Department it is a mortifying and even humiliating ending of what from the first had every appearance of being a personal and vengeful persecution of Castro.

The plight of Ambassador Leishman must be another mortification to the State Department. Why he should have been promoted to Berlin has never been satisfactorily explained, particularly as the Americans in Turkey were never enthusiastic about his service there. Now that the present open scandal has developed, it does not seem proper that he should remain a day longer at his post. Mr. Taft, we all know, is inclined, in a case like this, to take the easiest way out, which would be to allow Mr. Leishman to serve the remaining two weeks before Mr. Wilson becomes President, when his resignation goes in. But if it is true that he is in arrears for his rent, as well as in the payment of other bills, to say nothing of the suit against him in this city because of his stock-gambling losses, the situation would seem to be too serious to admit of delay. Our diplomatic service has none too good a repute on the Continent, and under the Knox régime its prestige has steadily waned. But its standing will be injured and not heightened by glossing over this scandal. An immediate recall is what the situation requires, even if the stories from Berlin are without foundation. Mr. Leishman's usefulness has plainly come to an end.

An incidental remark in an article in the London *Economist* on "The Advance of Argentina" throws an interesting sidelight on the vast sweep of the interests that would be affected if England were to abandon her free-trade policy. The astonishing scale on which Argentina has been developing is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time, and the *Economist* points out that one of the main factors in this development has been the steady stream of British capital flowing into the country, the present amount of such investment being estimated at £500,000,000—two and a half billion dollars. "It is worth while," says the *Economist*, "to remember that any artificial measures aimed at restricting the entrance [into the United Kingdom] of foreign grain and meat will, so far as they are successful, strike a blow at some of our most meritorious countrymen across the sea." The truth is that, whichever way the British protectionists turn their eyes, they encounter difficulties and drawbacks, while the advantages they offer are of a decidedly shadowy nature. The only thing that gave their cause anything of a real "boost" was the calamity cry—the story of decline of British trade and industry which, for a time, gained the public ear; but subsequent developments emphatically disposed of all this, and the whole movement has ever since been limping badly.

The amalgamation of the three principal English railway unions would, in one respect, seem to bring nearer the possibility of a general strike of transport workers such as has been threatened by the irreconcilable element in the British unions ever since the partial failure, or partial success, as one chooses to regard it, of the great strike movement in Great Britain during the last two years. The extremists are even looking forward to the great Union of Unions which shall put labor in a position to dictate terms to its masters and the state. At the same time there is a distinct concession to the conservative element in the provision which vests in the executive officers of the new union the authority to order and terminate strikes without a vote by the members of the union. It was shown during the recent strikes that the leadership of the unions is much more moderate than the rank and file. One of the main tenets of the syndicalist creed which aims at the amalgamation of all labor unions into a single fighting body is that all important decisions shall be made by a referendum vote. Hence the new railway organization embodies a compromise between two tendencies.

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IN THE COILS OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is something almost laughable in the pained astonishment now prevailing at Washington in the matter of swollen appropriation bills. Everybody is alarmed at the rising tide of extravagance, yet everybody is helpless. President Taft is still busy on his plans for something like a national budget, but he has no power to cut down Government spending, except by vetoing entire appropriation bills—and that is no real remedy. The Chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House raises his voice in emphatic warning against the rate of expenditure which Congress is authorizing, but all that he can do is to protest. He cannot stop the waste. The centralized control of appropriation bills with which the Appropriations Committee was vested years ago, has gradually been taken away from it. There are now some ten or twelve committees each authorized to frame and report its own appropriation bill. And this scattered authority has meant squandered public money. The leader of the majority in the House, Mr. Underwood, has been appealed to, and his attitude in the matter is what it ought to be, but he can do little except to pass on the appeal to his party followers. Neither he nor anybody else has the power to come down with a blunt: "You shall not have this money."

How much good it does merely to beg a popular assembly, with the unrestricted power of the purse, to be economical, may be seen in the Public Buildings bill, which was introduced in the House on Saturday. Bear in mind the circumstances. The session is drawing to a close with the Democratic leaders in a state of great apprehension over the mounting appropriations. Pledged to economy, they see the bills piling higher and higher. The solemn warning has been issued that, unless there is the sharpest possible cutting down of the remaining bills, the appropriations of this session will exceed those of the last by $100,000,000, and equal if not surpass the high-water mark of Republican extravagance. Now, this is the time—the critical time—chosen for bringing forward a bill which would appropriate in one lump more than $25,000,000 for public buildings in various parts of the country.

Who is responsible for this? Nobody and everybody. It is just the result of a huge scramble, favors being widely and unblushingly distributed for the purpose of getting votes for the measure. No Representative with a piece of "pork" safely in the barrel will object to its being shoved along. The bill was drawn not only without the authority of the most influential Democrats of the House, but against their wishes and, indeed, their protests. Congressman Fitzgerald, of the Appropriations Committee, who is opposed to the whole plan, spurned the offer of an item of $300,000 for Brooklyn, which was made as an inducement to him to acquiesce, or at least keep silence. But others in both parties were caught wholesale by sprinkling through the bill almost innumerable appropriations of from $100,000 down to $5,000, each one being intended as the justification of the Congressman to his constituents for voting for a measure which, as a whole, is indefensible. The entire bill, considered in itself and in the circumstances of its being pressed upon the House, is one of the most glaring illustrations ever given the country of the evils of our happy-go-lucky methods of public finance.

The mischief, in the proportions to which it has grown, is not one to be cured by a budget system, pure and simple. That would be a great help, no doubt, and ought to be urged and tried. But it could not go to the root of the evil. After you had framed your budget as carefully as expert knowledge could make it, how could you be sure that Congress would be bound by it? What guarantee could you have that log-rolling measures, like the Public Buildings bill, would not at any moment gain sufficient headway to burst through all your labored plans of economy? It is one thing to lead Congressmen up to a budget, but another to make them drink it. It is not only a more painstaking and quasi-scientific apportioning of Government expenditures that is needed, but a power of control, lodged somewhere, that shall see to it that the thing proposed is carried out, and that the official plans are not trampled upon by Congressional raiders.

We know how the difficulty has been met in British finance. All money bills are reserved for the Government. A private member cannot even introduce a bill to spend public funds. Thus a rigid control is kept in the hands of a responsible Ministry. The Chancellor of the Exchequer can make his estimates without fear of having them knocked sky-high by a log-rolling combination in the House of Commons. In addition to a national budget, we must acquire somehow the authority to compel living up to the budget, if we are effectively to make head against extravagance at Washington. At present, as we can all see, there is only the feeblest control. Control would involve, of course, sound judgment. In the Public Buildings bill there are, for example, some appropriations that are not only justified but needed. What intelligent control would do would be to allow these items, but remorselessly to excise all those thrown in simply as makeweights, or tacit bribes, in order to get the bill passed. Till we get something of that sort, or until the President be empowered, as the Governor of New York is, to veto separate items in an appropriation bill, we need not expect to free ourselves successfully from the coils of extravagance, which are now crushing Congress as the serpents did Laocoön and his sons.

THE BULL MOOSE AND THE COURTS

Mr. Roosevelt has spoken and written on the judiciary, times without number; but never, we believe, has he made an utterance so illuminative as to the condition of his own mind, or so instructive as to the true significance of his agitation, as was contained in his Lincoln Day speech. His main text was the Idaho decision excluding the Roosevelt electors from the official ballot. That this decision, however unfortunate, was simply the inevitable interpretation of the law of the State, seems to us clear. We have recently set forth the actual facts of the case, which seem to us plainly to show that Mr. Roosevelt's charges were based on ignorance. But let us waive that. Let us grant that Mr. Roosevelt has reason to believe otherwise. Let it be supposed, for the sake of the argument, that the Idaho Supreme Court rendered a decision that was not in accord with a true interpretation of the law. And then let us ask ourselves what is to be thought of the state of mind of a man who, at the celebration of the birthday of Lincoln, can speak in this way:

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> At this moment there has occurred in Idaho a decision by the highest State court which, within its own limits, is an even graver offence against justice and decency and an even greater blot on the American judiciary than the Dred Scott decision itself. . . . This decision I hold to have been an outrage upon the people of Idaho, and not merely upon them but upon the people of all the United States, for any interference with the right of an American in any State to cast his vote and to have it counted for the President of his choice is an offence against the Americans of all the States.

The Dred Scott decision was one of the memorable events of our national history—it may even be said, of the world's history. Whatever may have been its legal merits, whether it was right or wrong from the standpoint of professional interpretation of the Constitution, it embodied the clash of mighty political elements, it brought to a focus the light and heat that had been beating upon the tremendous question of slavery and of States' rights for a generation. When Lincoln denounced it—even denounced it as a conspiracy—he was grappling with great forces that everybody knew were at work, forces that soon after came into collision in a stupendous trial by blood and fire. To mention in the same breath with it the act of a court on a technical point of election procedure, a point not bound up with any general principle, a point not paralleled anywhere else except in California, where a similar decision was made by the courts, but made in Mr. Roosevelt's favor—to place this isolated judgment in juxtaposition with the Dred Scott decision and base upon it an appeal to national indignation and popular passion, is the act of a man either filled with an egotism hardly to be distinguished from insanity, or so reckless as to be willing, in the pursuit of his ambition, deliberately to play the part of a contemptible demagogue.

And what is Mr. Roosevelt's remedy for this appalling outrage that he sees in the Idaho decision—this audacity of the judges in reading the law otherwise than as he would have them read it?

> A case like that in Idaho shows the need of the power of popular recall of the judiciary, a need which I believe could probably be best met by having the judges appointed or elected for life, but subject on petition to recall by popular vote every two years.

Upon this we do not propose to comment; with those who like that kind of judiciary it is unprofitable to argue, and for those who do not there is no need of argument. We merely remark that when Mr. Roosevelt first came out with his own particular nostrum of the recall of decisions, he laid great stress on the difference between that and the recall of judges, and warned his hearers that the wicked press would be accusing him of having advocated the recall of judges, when all that he proposed was the reversal, by popular vote, of judicial decisions in a strictly limited class of Constitutional cases.

On the recall of decisions, Mr. Roosevelt offers nothing specially new, unless it be when he says: "I care not whether you call this action of theirs [the people's] construing the Constitution or making the Constitution." His critics have always known that he did not care, and they have always asserted that making—or unmaking—the Constitution is precisely what this recall of decisions would amount to. But Mr. Roosevelt absolutely ignores the fact that, so far as State Constitutions are concerned—and that is what he professes to be talking about—there is an easy way to do this already in existence. He may or may not be aware that there is pending in his own State at the present moment a Constitutional amendment which would give the Legislature full and unrestricted power to act as it thought best in the whole class of questions to which his recall of decisions is intended to apply. The amendment has been adopted by one Legislature; if the present Legislature takes like action, it can be made part of the State Constitution this coming November. To do so may be more radical as to the immediate matter in hand than it would be to "recall" the Ives decision of the Court of Appeals, or any similar decision or decisions; but it would be doing the thing as it should be done, decently and in order.

The very thing that attracts the Rooseveltian mind about recall of judges and recall of decisions is that they do things not decently and in order, but by noise and tumult. They do not go about the task of curbing the courts through the setting of narrower bounds to their powers; they strike at the very heart of the idea of the judicial function. And no enemy of these proposals has ever given so convincing a presentation of the dangers to which these proposals would open the door as Mr. Roosevelt himself has just made. Does he try to show that the Idaho judges misinterpreted the law? Does he try to show that they were personally corrupt? Does he try to show that they acted under the pressure of outside political influences? None of all this. He simply denounces their act as having had consequences that were evil. Whether that was the fault of the law or the fault of the judges he makes no pretence of examining. If an ex-President, the head of a great party, can make such an appeal at a time of tranquillity, what is to be expected of the common demagogue, and what is to be expected of the general mass of the people, in a time of extraordinary excitement?

FRENCH PROSPECTS.

The news from France, in this first week of M. Poincaré's Presidency, continues to emphasize the tone of optimism and universal good will which was struck after the election of a month ago. The republic is looking forward to an era of good feeling. The new President and his Prime Minister, M. Briand, are regarded as the two men best fitted to raise the business of government from the slough of factional politics to the level of true nationalism. It was M. Briand who some three years ago announced that the time had come for a policy of "appeasement." The feuds and rancors that had sprung from the Dreyfus affair were to be swept away. The hatreds engendered by the conflict between the state and the church were no longer to be inflamed artificially for political purposes. In other words, parties and persons standing outside the dominant alliance of Radicals and Socialists were no longer to be regarded as under suspicion. A "formula"—and formulas are still dear to the Gallic mind—could be found broad enough to include all Frenchmen. That is very much the burden of the news to-day, but it plainly must be taken with a certain amount of reserve. The journals of weight and standing in France whose views are apt to shape the reports sent out by foreign correspondents have as a rule been in opposition to the parties in power. They would naturally be inclined to welcome any new régime as a better régime. But even allowing for such bias, there is no denying the fact that

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M. Poincaré has assumed office at a moment when an exceptionally healthy and confident tone animates the French nation.

The internal condition of France shows a notable advance towards pacification. The labor unrest which found its most vigorous expression in the activities of the General Confederation of Labor, with its blend of socialistic and anarchistic policies, seems to have attained its climax in the great railway strike of the autumn of 1910. It was M. Briand's masterful handling of that crisis that made him the logical expounder of a policy of appeasement. His past affiliations were with Socialism and Anarchism, but responsibility found him prepared to defend the existing order with as much vigor as the most moderate of citizens could demand. The activity of the revolutionary Confederation of Labor has waned since that date. The firm policy adopted by the Cabinet towards the revolutionary unions of schoolmasters last year was another instance of a growing determination on the part of the Government not to submit to intimidation. The strikes and demonstrations which were an annual feature of life in Paris have of late fallen into abeyance. It is true that revolutionary Syndicalism is still a live question of the day, but it is the theories of Syndicalism that are being most hotly discussed. France has had no labor disturbance during the last two years that can compare with the crises which Great Britain has passed through, or even with the strikes carried on in this country under the picturesque auspices of the I. W. W.

It is a significant fact that even Gustave Hervé, the exponent of anti-militarism and anti-patriotism, who once upon a time called upon the army recruits to throw the flag of the republic upon the dunghill, has seen fit to moderate his views. Hervé has been compelled to take into account the change that has come over the spirit of the French nation during the half-dozen years that followed the appearance of the Moroccan question. That has, of course, been more or less a formal issue over which France and Germany engaged in a bitter duel that only recently came to an end with the establishment of a French protectorate over Morocco. It was a struggle which, from the French point of view, had for its object the reduction of France to a mere dependency upon Germany. It was marked by more than one severe crisis; more than once the question of war or peace hung in the balance. The contest began with a humiliation of France, back in 1905, when the German Emperor forced the retirement of M. Delcassé from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But in the course of the struggle the French people found themselves. The unofficial alliance with Great Britain was one of the factors which enabled France to stand up to German pressure. But simultaneously there has been a strengthening of the popular morale. Ten years ago those who believed in the republic were afraid of the army, and the army itself was rent apart by the animosities springing out of the Dreyfus affair. To-day the spirit of "appeasement" pervades the army, and the country is no longer afraid of its troops. Gustave Hervé has had to take that fact somewhat into account.

This same spirit of healthy confidence is manifested in the literature of the day. Paris will never be without her anarchists in letters and art, but the sickly decadentisms and epicureanisms of a dozen years ago have lost much of their vogue. Maurice Barrès is the most notable example of those who are turning from dilettantisms of various kinds to the gospel of duty. The simple ideals of the provincial literature of France, as expounded by René Bazin and Henry Bordeaux, are making their impress on the literature of the *blasé* metropolis. The "cult of the land and of the dead," which is but a literary name for patriotism, has grown in literature, undoubtedly under the influence of the long struggle against Germany. Altogether, it is not surprising that there are those who speak of present conditions in France as almost a national renaissance.

"JUST BILLS."

Thirty-eight of the forty-eight State Legislatures are in session, and two more will meet before the year is half gone. Out of two score deliberative bodies what wisdom may not come! Yet there are indications now and then that all that is legislative is not wise. A Wisconsin State Senator, for instance, has introduced a bill to abolish the junior "prom" and other class dances of the University of Wisconsin. If any member of the Connecticut Legislature were so bold as to introduce a bill of this sort, it is not hard to imagine what winged words would beat upon his ears from New Haven. But the Wisconsin Senator has his reasons. A hearing on a bill to abolish fraternities brought forth testimony of lavish expenditures by students for social diversion. "When university students tend to impoverish their parents by supporting an eighteen-hundred-dollar dance," exclaimed the Senator, subsequently, "it is high time the people of a democratic State should be informed of what is going on at their State-endowed university." Arizona, on the other hand, does not seem concerned over what may be going on in this line at Tucson, but is greatly disturbed over a proposal to put the union label on all legislative stationery. The House, after a heated debate, defeated the motion, but in the Senate all stationery must bear the label of the union.

One of the oddest bills that have confronted the Legislature of North Carolina this year would make illegal the keeping of honey-bees within one hundred yards of the public roads in Pender County. There was much applause, it is reported, when this bill was read for final passage. One inquisitive Senator wanted to know how bees could be kept from the road. A colleague explained that rural mail-carriers in Pender were greatly troubled by certain bee-stands located near the mail-boxes. Another moved to amend the bill by extending its provisions to wasps, bumble-bees, and "yellow-jackets." A third declared that he would not vote for the bill until he was sure that it would not work injury to some humble citizen of Pender County with a small tract of land who might not be able to locate his bee-stands as far as one hundred yards from the road. Finally it was discovered that the introducer of the measure was absent, and so it went over. More serious is freakish tampering with the fundamental law of a State. The Constitution of South Dakota is hardly a quarter of a century old, and it has been materially amended, yet a constitutional convention is about to be called to revise it. Will that convention repeat the mistake, common to so many of our State Constitutions, of putting into that instrument matters of detail that belong to statutes and not to Constitutions, and

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thus perpetuate the necessity of frequent changes?

The flood of freak bills is confined to no section of the country. In Pennsylvania, "bills by the score have been introduced in both Senate and House at Harrisburg. Some of them are important. Most of them are not—are just bills." The same complaint comes from California, a trifle more bitingly expressed, the headlines being: "Clean Gone Crazy. The State Capitol at Sacramento Has Become a Lunatic Asylum." The text is in the same tone:

> The character of our Legislature as an organized body will not be known until its final adjournment, but that it contains a large number of members whose mental balance is so completely lost that their proper place is a sanatorium is evident from the great number of freak bills introduced. . . . Some anarchist wishes to abolish the militia. A near-anarchist would abolish the Legislature and substitute a single house. It is said that more than forty constitutional amendments have been introduced, and that the prospect is that so many of them will pass that it will be necessary to call a special election to vote on them.

One newspaper attempts to set forth the philosophy of such proceedings. "The tendency of all legislative bodies," it remarks, "is to turn out a mass of new laws." The consolation is that very few freak proposals reach the Governor.

What gives one pause in any consideration of this situation is that bills reflect the mentality of their sponsors. Like bill, like legislator—and, what is of more consequence, like legislator, like constituent. Yet it must be conceded that the latter has fought valiantly to free himself of the stigma implied in this comparison by trying one device after another to improve the quality of his legislator. He has prohibited the Legislature from meeting annually, and limited it to biennial, and, in one case, that of Alabama, to quadrennial, sessions. He has imposed the further limitation of 40, 45, 50, 60, 70, 75, or 90 days in two-thirds of the States upon the duration of the session. He has begun to establish legislative reference bureaus to tell the legislators how to say what they mean, and in some States he is dividing the session into two parts, the recess being supposed to furnish opportunity for reflecting upon what to do with the legislation that has been proposed. All of these devices, however, have not stopped the deluge of bills, or centred debate upon the more important measures. Here is the real objection to freak or unnecessary proposals. They divert the attention of the lawmakers from the essential to the unessential, and thus bring about a misconception of what legislators are for. We need a training-school for lawmakers in order to enable them to see the difference between a well-considered programme of laws and "just bills."

TAKING POETRY TOO SERIOUSLY.

In view of all that is being done to encourage the poetic art in America, it can scarcely be said that we fail to take poetry seriously. Is it not possible, on the contrary, that we take it too seriously, and that this attitude, having its effect upon the poets themselves, is responsible for a certain sense of strain, a certain absence of simplicity and naturalness, in their expression? What is demanded of them, at present, is not merely poetry, but great poetry—as a nation we will not be satisfied with less—and in their efforts to supply it, our poets run the risk of confusing artistic greatness with moral seriousness and spiritual elevation. It makes no difference what the subject may be. Anything from a love lyric to an elegy on the death of an airman must be treated in the same manner, must be subjected to the same sublimation of style and sentiment, so as to lose every trace of the common or familiar and to become "ideal." An excellent case in point is afforded by a poem which appeared in a popular magazine on the death of the aviator Moisant. "They say that magazines do not publish great poetry nowadays," remarked the editor. "Why, Shelley himself would have been proud to have written that poem if he were alive to-day!" And it was indeed in the Shelleyan manner, this poem; so much so, indeed, that the effect was really ludicrous; as if what the poet had striven after had been a parody rather than the sincere expression of the pathos involved in the untoward event commemorated.

Now, ideality is admittedly the highest attribute of great art. But the constant effort to idealize life by spiritualizing emotion and sentiment, as part of a deliberate poetic and rhetorical process, produces a sense of effort and unreality. Much of our contemporary American verse shows this sort of forced ideal, and attains elevation only at the expense of real emotional warmth and imagination. The drift is, indeed, towards a purely intellectual exercise of the fancy, based rather upon concepts than upon intuitive perceptions. It was Miss Ellen Terry who said she had never heard so much talk about beauty, or seen so little evidence of its sensuous appreciation, as among American college women. The same might be said of American verse, which impresses the reader no less by its coldness than by its intricate subtleties of form. Nor has subject-matter much to do with this. The young poets who to-day rebel most against what they call "Puritanism" in American art, and seek to introduce a note of "passion," assume precisely the same attitude in essaying to celebrate its glowing mysteries; and in attempting to exalt these, they import into them outworn conceptions of allurement and of sin in the manner of Swinburne and Baudelaire or Oscar Wilde. It is, after all, merely an exchange of models. The mood is the same, and we are just as far as before from real poetry—that is, poetry that is an intimate personal record of thought and emotion.

It is not new themes that we need, but the knowledge that the province of poetry marches upon that of prose, that the material for the one as for the other lies close at hand, ready for use, and that the surest way to attain heights in either is to pay strict attention to truth and naturalness of expression. The taste for sublimities tends to dry up the sources of the simple, tender, purely human sentiment that finds utterance, for example, in the verse of some of the younger French poets of to-day who at once in their ease and their elegance afford a distinct relief from our own lyrists. The latter, like our athletes, seem often "over-trained." These French versifiers have also that "sense of humor" which we so irritably arrogate to ourselves as a national excellence, though it does not safeguard us against taking ourselves very seriously indeed in nearly everything we attempt. We strive so to "appear," while they feel absolutely at home in their medium of expression, daring to say so much in verse that we should shrink from for fear that it might be "bad manners" or beneath our dignity. No incident which pleases or amuses them, no fancy which excites or grati-

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fies them, is unworthy to be turned into easy, flexible, and dexterous verse—yet verse admirable in warmth and tenderness of sentiment—to which they bring a closeness of observation, a realistic coloring of description, a cleverness of witty invention, productive of charming surprises, from stanza to stanza, that we seldom encounter in our own versifiers.

It seems plain that the great poetry for which we are so desirous to-day, and which must first of all be natural and sincere, might be more surely attained in the course of time if we were to relax somewhat from our strained and tense attitude in courting the Muse. We should make of poetry one of the graces rather than one of the severe duties of the intellectual life. And we should, in the meantime, be accumulating an admirable body of well-turned minor verse, without due appreciation of which, according to the degree of its merits, we may fail to recognize the great manifestation when it does finally arrive.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION.

The Association of American Painters and Sculptors has deserved well of the city in exhibiting, along with a somewhat limited selection of recent American work, a comprehensive series of the earlier revolutionary painters with an adequate representation of the very latest anti-realistic schools. Thus materials for a public verdict on Post-Impressionism, Cubism, and Futurism are generously offered. The exhibition will run long enough for readjustment to these novel types of invention; the battle of the critics may be fought within eye-shot of the hostile lines, and the discriminating minority of the public, the ultimate judge in these matters, may take its position for or against the new movements. Obviously, if sculpture and painting are to be utterly revolutionized along anti-naturalistic lines, as certain critics confidently predict, why, the sooner the turn-over is made the better. If, on the contrary, as we believe, these new tendencies are mainly the insignificant seething of crude and undisciplined personalities, the sooner this fact is perceived the better. In either event, good must result from bringing the new art out of the incense of clique and special pleading into the light of every day.

Aside from this special aspect of the show, President Davies and his associates have provided pleasure of a non-contentious sort by assembling works of highly individual flavor which escape the categories of movements and schools. Few New Yorkers have had the chance of enjoying the rich fantasy of Redon, of estimating the morbid power of Van Gogh, the barbaric intensity of Gauguin, the stalwart constructions of Cézanne. It is interesting also to have the chance to view the painting of that pride of otherwise despairing British art, Augustus John. In the foreign exhibits the Association has handsomely lived up to its programme of Internationalism, Internationalism being, of course, defined as a technical and revolutionary word.

Not the least valuable feature of the exhibition is the close juxtaposition with the newest work of paintings of the so-called Impressionistic schools—Manet, Monet, Renoir. All those revolutionists of thirty years ago now assume the sedate aspects of classics. Ingres, his rival Delacroix, and their successor Degas harmonize on the wall, with an old-masterly assurance. The fact that these leaders of a couple of generations ago now plainly fall into the general tradition of great painting, emphasizes the reality of the revolution on foot. The romantic Delacroix belongs with the classic Ingres; it is safe to say that Picabia and Matisse never will belong with either. Art is at the brink either of genuine revolution, or, as we believe, of a monstrous aberration. Either way, something like a new thing has been found under the sun, even if the newness turn out to derive from such venerable sources as excessive boredom, ignorant self-assertiveness, or over-ingenious pursuit of novelty and notoriety. If the newest art is really to be the art of the future, plainly *homo sapiens* must become a new creature—

> 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
> Has a new master: get a new man.

Waiving these ulterior issues, the exhibition sets an excellent example of efficient organization and accomplishment. For years the National Academy has been grieving for want of a building in which large and stately shows may be given. But this new Association proves that the way to give shows is to want to give them badly enough to take the necessary trouble. Nothing could be more satisfactory from every point of view than the installation of the present exhibition. If the Academy can give a large and fine exhibition under its competitive system, to give it is merely a question of rearranging, on a plan that could be repeated year by year, any large, well-lighted hall. The financial support implied in such a step should readily be forthcoming. The Academy should take up what is virtually a challenge of the revolutionaries. The way to combat the extravagances of the innovators is not club-corner ridicule, but to show pictures and statues that make out a convincing case for sane traditional ideals. The way to get a splendid building for Academy exhibitions is to give shows that plainly call for fine housing.

If the shade of Dr. Johnson could step into the present exhibition, one can imagine it emitting a spectral guffaw that would blow at least half the exhibits irrevocably through the skylight. And if this robust sprite were suddenly told that the official art of the nation was being shown in cupboards and crannies because nobody would build an art palace, it would be not the Post-Impressionists, but the conservators of our national artistic tradition who would hear the impressive utterance—Fiddlestick!

SIDNEY'S "ARCADIA."

The death of Sir Philip Sidney in his thirty-second year, a few weeks after the wound received at Zutphen, was only the culminating tragedy of several which it is difficult not to read into his life. The highest type of English gentleman though he was, with a quickening influence upon many sides of activity, mourned by a whole nation when he died, he leaves those who have studied the bright promise of his youth grievously disappointed that some of his best talents were somehow almost smothered. This is bound to be the feeling with reference especially to his literary career. He was fitted by native ability and by education to be much more than a patron of letters. And it is true that his name is usually included among the great writers of his remarkable day. Yet after due allowance is made for a few sonnets, which have an independent beauty, his reputation in literature is too much entangled with passing fashions of the age not to suf-

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fer greatly when it is measured by more permanent standards.

Sidney's most extensive work, the "Arcadia,"* is very little read these days, and it is small wonder. If Scott and Dickens cause present-day readers impatience by their method of leaving one thread while they turn back to pick up another, what shall one say of Sidney's convoluted progress? Yet to the sympathetic student of Sidney the "Arcadia" is an absorbing document. While recognizing it, from a modern point of view, a failure, one may find profit in searching it for signs of literary ability which might have achieved enormously, if properly directed.

I.

The "Arcadia" leaves the modern reader more uncertain as to its author's intention than almost any other important work of that time. It appears to have no critical purpose. Even the enigmatic Ariosto is not so baffling as Sidney. For above the entertainment which the author of "Orlando Furioso" palpably got from the vast body of fiction then opened up to Europe, his mind is felt to be reacting critically. He at least surveys his material with a cynical smile, and his elevation above it bestows upon it a sort of unity and artistic purpose. And Spenser, whatever else he may have intended to do, revealed, as no other writer of his day had done, the poetic adaptability of many elements of life. He it was who gave to the cant expression "pure poetry" its one drop of sense. He had, at the very least, a poetic outlook on life, and through it maintains his individuality.

To me it must always seem strange that Sidney should not have made something more than he did of the prose romance. Let it be granted that he beautifully domesticated a late Alexandrian product, and that his work is better than any of its kind written by contemporaries. Yet the impression of the piece as a whole is of a "Faerie Queene" (not including the stretches of allegory in that poem) put into prose; that is, with the very "salt" of the poem's existence gone. The regret over Sidney's failure is made still greater by the thought that when he first undertook the work he was feeling his way towards a form close to the modern novel. If we may trust the statements of Mr. Bertram Dobell, who has discovered in manuscript the first draft of the "Arcadia," the hopelessly episodic complexion of the current version replaced, in the original version, a pretty sustained development of character, with the incidental stories falling into a nicely proportioned framework and serving merely as illustrations of important traits in the central personages.

However this may be, Sidney soon yielded to the full plan of Heliodorus and other Alexandrians who had made the prose romance popular, and glutted his work with episode. The surprises of situation and the delight in corruscated ornament were allowed to impair the main narrative and character-study. Having vitiated these as a means of holding his story together, upon what did he rely for unity of action? This is an important point. The Greek romancers had a pretty definite conception of Fortune to serve as backbone, the romances of the Middle Ages were built around the institution of chivalry. And Sidney, too, if he took his work seriously, as I believe he did, must have felt the need of a big propelling motive. Yet where to look for it? Old landmarks had been uprooted in almost every branch of knowledge, as well as in religion, and settled lines of belief had not been restored. Not until years later did any such "justification" as Milton found for his epic release itself. That Sidney was conscious of the problem is attested by his half-hearted attempt to transform the old idea of Fortune into the Renaissance conception of *virtù*, or human efficacy. Other writers also appear to have missed the underlying motives which literature once had. Painter and Golding, we know, pretended to read Christian allegory into the tales of ancient Greece or Rome which they translated; and it may be that Stephen Gosson, for all his distortions, expressed a widespread yearning for a sound vindication of literature.

The confusion of ideas was broader than literature; it touched all else. For the moment it was difficult to understand how life, in any large way, was controlled by fixed human motives. Such being the case, the epic, or epic-romance, of all the types of literature, suffered the most. By its nature it requires some broad generalization to rest on. In the absence of one, Spenser, as I have suggested, trusted not a little to the sheer lift and sweep of poetry. Sidney, with less chance of success, not improbably put a similar reliance upon his own poetic prose, which, indeed, he regarded theoretically as poetry, following Aristotle's principle. For the rest, his story gets on as best it can by "creative evolution," one chapter begetting another. Perhaps, indeed, M. Bergson's phrase is an exacter description of an artistic method, then common, than it is of the modern universe. The fact is striking that literature, though lacking an articulate *raison d'être*, possessed enormous vitality. Ancient or modern, it swept along irresistibly. The sixteenth century was the last age, and perhaps the first, in which a serious writer would have begun an epic work with virtually nothing to hold it together. Yet, true to the time from which it sprang, the "Arcadia" possesses extraordinary energy—each of the very numerous episodes being told with steady enthusiasm—but no direction; it goes round and round. If to Sidney his work seemed to have some relation to actuality, this must have been because in a vague way it does reflect the sheer rush of life of which the age was conscious.

Herein lies the futility of the "Arcadia," so far as we moderns are concerned, that if, as a whole, it is to have any significance, this must be an irradiation of energy which each is forced to interpret for himself. Whatever there may be in excess of its literal meaning is not communicable from one to another, but has to be vaguely felt, after the manner of the indefinite symbolism to which poets sometimes resort. Did Sidney, for instance, employ in the "Arcadia" some of the Platonism which he learned at Oxford? He gazes so directly and withal with such wonder at certain moments of life that one is tempted to read into that look a transcendental understanding, such as crops out in the "Astrophel and Stella." Or it may be that it is only the Pygmalion in him. For, like Spenser, he is palpably fascinated by some of his creations, and thereby seems to give them a life not their own. Love of beauty was strong in him, and with such a one beauty was apt to transfigure. Yet if the "Arcadia" was more than the "frolic of invention," the author kept the secret to himself.

II.

This central weakness, a fatal weakness to be sure, being admitted, the "Arcadia" offers many compensations. It has the stuff of good comedy; novelists might have drawn upon it much more than they have done, especially for the hints it gives of woman's mental processes; it is full of lyric feeling not badly expressed, and its style is rich and spacious. In a word, it shows much of the excellence and versatility of the age. Briefly, it is the story of two Greek princes, cousins, Pyrocles and

*The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney. (Cambridge English Classics). In three volumes. Edited by Albert Feuillerat, professor of English literature in the University of Rennes. Volume I, "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia." Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net. The bibliography of the "Arcadia" is complicated. Written as early as 1580, it underwent revision at Sidney's hands, and was first published, incomplete as he left it, in 1590. Of the earliest form, which was circulated but never printed, three manuscript copies were discovered in 1907 by Mr. Bertram Dobell, two of these having since come, as we have been informed, to this country. In 1593 the original "Arcadia" was combined by an unknown person, though reported to be the Countess of Pembroke, with the first printed quarto, and was issued. This is the version which is usually reprinted. But Professor Feuillerat has adopted for his text the version of 1590, reproducing the archaic spelling, and in Vol. II of the Works will furnish that part of the original "Arcadia" which was later added to complete the story. The Works will also include the Poems, "The Defence of Poesie," the Correspondence and Political Pamphlets, as well as the translations of the Psalms and of Mornay's "Vérité de la Religion chrestienne."

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Musidorus by name, who, after numerous adventures, among them a shipwreck, win their way to Arcadia, to which an elderly king, to outwit an oracle, has retired with his young wife and two beautiful daughters. As the king, for oracular reasons, does not wish his daughters to marry, one prince has disguised himself as an Amazon, the other as a shepherd. The devices by which the princes make themselves known to the girls, gain their love, and in the end marry them, are bound up with an almost infinite series of surprises, shared by eighty-eight named personages and by many who are not named. Quite two dozen of the characters have histories of their own which are recounted at length, and which are brought into connection with the main adventure. Obviously, there is nothing meagre about the background of this story. Almost all of the chivalric apparatus found in the "Faerie Queene" is present here: fair love-sick ladies float aimlessly across the horizon; the jousting is as plentiful and as various; excellent, ill-apparelled knights "carry it away"; if there is no dragon, at least a lion and bear give scope to men's courage; pastoral interludes abound, as well as choice rural vignettes, among them as charming a picture as ever Spenser painted of maidens bathing in a stream; there is a stubborn captivity presided over by a wicked woman, morally akin to Tasso's Armida.

All this background enters into one's appreciation of the "Arcadia," producing a cumulative effect, but Sidney's literary talent can be brought out sufficiently by reference to the main traits which I have enumerated. First, the comedy. Though the situations are largely borrowed from ancient writers, he has manipulated them with a rare instinct for their possibilities. It is a question whether even Shakespeare, except for one detail, has greatly improved upon a bit of farce to which Sidney showed him the way. The duel between Viola in disguise and Sir Andrew in "Twelfth Night" is anticipated by the encounter of two cowards in the third book of the "Arcadia." Shakespeare, by having one of the combatants a girl, touches the situation with prettiness and a certain refinement. Here is the challenge of Damætas to Clinias, which should be read in connection with Sir Andrew's well-known bravado:

> O Clinias, thou Clinias, the wickedest worm that ever went upon two legs; the very fritter of frauds, and seething pot of iniquity: I, Damætas, chief governour of all the royal cattle, and also of Pamela (whom thy Master most perniciously hath suggested out of my dominion), do defy thee, in a mortal affray from the bodkin to the pike upward. Which if thou dost presume to take in hand, I will out of that superfluous body of thine make thy soul to be evacuated.

The words being delivered, Clinias bade the messenger to "tell the lout that sent him, that he disdained to have anything to do with him." But men were present to prick both parties on, and the duel had to take place, though Damætas, for one, was eager for it—when he fancied that his challenge would not be accepted. "Then lo, Damætas began to speak his loud voice, to look big, to march up and down, and in his march to lift his legs higher than he was wont, swearing by no mean devotions that the walls should not keep the coward from him; but he would fetch him out of his connieberrie." His shield was to bear the following device: a plough with the oxen loosed from it, a sword with the many arms and legs it had cut off, and a great army of pens and inkhorns and books. All these were to mean that he had left the plough to do such bloody deeds that a host of writers would be kept busy to "historify" them. Asked why he wrote no motto on the shield, he replied that "that was indeed like the painter that sayeth in his picture, 'Here is the dog, and here is the hare.'" The comedy, which is developed at considerable length, never flags, and the manner in which Sidney delays the climax by some fresh surprise and sharpens the action by precise "gesture lines" makes the scene one of the notable farces in English literature. If it is not quite the equal of Shakespeare's, it may be compared without disadvantage with the similar scene in "The Rivals."

Sidney also keeps well sustained the fun of Pyrocles's disguise as the Amazon Zelmane. The doting of the old king, who takes him for a maiden, and the competition of mother and daughter, who know him to be a man, lead up to a roaring climax when Pyrocles makes an appointment separately with king and queen to meet him in a cave, but leaves them shamefacedly to confront each other. Of elaborate comic scenes there are few in the "Arcadia," but innumerable funny situations are roughly sketched. Musidorus in shepherd's dress trying to reveal his identity to Pamela by making love in her presence to the wench Mopsa, while Pamela, seeing his game, holds him for a time to his ostensible avowal; his leaving the deluded Mopsa later to wait in a tree for his return when, unknown to her, he has eloped with Pamela; a proposal by deputy having the same result as Miles Standish's; and a score of other such devices witness to a rollicking humor which, if it had had the outlet of drama, might have been long acclaimed.* This statement may sound extreme to those who judge Sidney by the bits of extravagant grotesque found particularly in his battle scenes. But these are manifestly supposed to embody that grim epic humor to which even Homer was not averse, or to furnish a contrast to more refined scenes—the sort of foil beloved of Spenser.

III.

I have said that Sidney's chance of inventing what might have been the first of modern novels was gone when he sacrificed character-study to the surprises of situation, yet a novel might still be easily made out of the "Arcadia" by a deal of pruning and by slightly developing the lines of character which are clearly marked out. The contrast furnished by the two girls, the somewhat independent yet feminine Pamela and the yielding, winsome Philoclea, is well recognized. The former has often been compared with Richardson's maiden of the same name. A truer comparison would link Pamela and her sister with Shakespearean heroines. Sidney's women have, in fact, much in common with Shakespeare's, especially lightheartedness, archness, humor, and love of banter. Pamela, in love with Musidorus, is listening as he tells the tale of his cousin Pyrocles, and interrupts so far as to say, "And therein you may (if you list) say something of that same Musidorus, his cousin, because, they going together, the story of Pyrocles (which I only desire) may be better understood." Philoclea is less patient: "But go forward, dear Pyrocles, I long to hear out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the best part of your story." The repartee of Philoclea and Pyrocles, whose Amazonian disguise is not yet suspected, is strikingly like the exchanges of Orlando and Rosalind while the latter is playing the man. Later, Philoclea, anxious and yet loath to reveal her love, catches precisely Juliet's manner: "Shall I seek far-fetched inventions? True it is, alas, too true it is, O Zelmane (for so I love to call thee, since in that name my love first began, and in the shade of that name my love shall best lie hidden) that even while so thou wert (what eye bewitched me I know not), my passions were fitter to desire than to be desired. Shall I say, then, I am sorry, or that my love must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to Pyrocles? . . . Thy virtue won me; with virtue preserve me. Dost thou love me? Keep me then still worthy to be beloved." Nor will any one fail to see a resemblance to the embryonic Juliet, namely, to Julia of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," in Pamela's toying with a missive received from Musidorus after he, for his too great ardor, has had to be disciplined:

*"The May Lady," a dramatic interlude composed by Sidney to entertain the Queen at Wanstead, the Earl of Leicester's castle, in 1578, is too slight a thing to afford a measure of his ability. Therion, a forester, and Espilus, a shepherd, contend in argument and amœbæan song for the possession of the Lady of May. This is much the sort of thing occasionally met with in the "Arcadia." Some fairly good fun is supplied by Rombus, a pedant, who utters a deal of bad Latin and Latinate English.

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But when she saw the letter, her heart gave her from whence it came. And therefore, clapping it to again, she went away from it, as if it had been a contagious garment of an infected person; and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had read it, though she were loath to read it. Shall I (said she) second his boldness so far as to read his presumptuous letters? And yet (said she) he sees me not to grow the bolder thereby. And how can I tell whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthy to be received; and yet the paper (she thought) was not guilty. At last, she concluded, it were not much amiss to look it over, that she might out of his words pick some further quarrel against him. Then she opened it, and threw it away, and took it up again, till (ere she were aware) her eyes would needs read it.

The debt of Shakespeare's women to John Lyly has been stated many times; what they may owe to Sidney has never been sufficiently studied.

Characterization in the "Arcadia," as might be suspected, comes out incidentally, one might say inevitably, rather than from design. The occasional penetrating sentiment which has made the passion of "Astrophel and Stella" appear to be something more than pretence, is met with in almost as poignant form in the longer work. Musidorus, in momentary difficulties with Pamela, began "to bewail not for himself (whom he hated) but that so notable a love should perish." At one point Philoclea was embarrassed by her own boldness, "whereat she blushed, and yet kissed him again to hide her blushing." On another occasion the same lady for a while "did nothing but turn up and down, as if she had hoped to turn away the fancy that mastered her, and hid her face, as if she could have hidden herself from her own fancies." With but a few strokes Mopsa is made into a veritable Audrey. "In faith, you jest with me: you are a merry man indeed," is her sufficient way of discrediting a nobleman's advances, and nothing could be more in character than her voluble, inconsequential manner when she receives permission to tell a tale. One of the shepherds, being asked to give an opinion of the pretending shepherd, Musidorus, says tartly: "The lad may prove well enough, if he oversoon think not too well of himself, and will bear away that he heareth of his elders." So much has been made of Lyly's innovation, evident in his plays, of distinguishing the speech of the low-born from that of the nobility that Sidney's similar, earlier achievement might properly be dwelt on. How far he was in advance of Robert Greene in this respect is brought home by the instance of Margaret, daughter of a gamekeeper, in "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," who glibly quotes Virgil.

Richardson's indebtedness to certain of Sidney's characters has often been felt, but has never been precisely stated. It is difficult to illustrate; yet every one must recognize the hints which were at the disposal of the later writer. The introspection and powers of self-analysis which some of the personages in the "Arcadia" possessed, especially when examining the sentiment of love, were just the kind of thing to appeal strongly to Richardson; his kinship here to Sidney is much more marked than to the author of "Euphues," in which work the similar examinations partake less of the modern spirit than of the conventions of courtly love. Usually, as I have previously said, Sidney lacks the dead-level seriousness of Richardson, but in one scene, where Pamela, urged by the wicked woman Cecropia to yield up her virtue, upholds the cause of chastity and of God's right purposes, it might be Richardson's heroine talking; though at this point she is equally to be compared to the Lady in "Comus," where the very situation is substantially repeated.

IV.

The language of the "Arcadia" has caused greater annoyance to those who have merely dipped into it than to the few who know it well. It is so easy to make a great to-do over scattered sentences like the following: "And so, as they sate devising how to give more feathers to the wings of Time," etc.; or "her handkerchief, which had lately drunk up the tears of her eyes," etc. The chances are that if the prose style of the day had not been discredited by Euphuism, Sidney's work, which has next to nothing in common with Lyly's, would receive fairer treatment. Pathetic fallacy it is guilty of, though not so enormously as is generally supposed; but Shakespeare sinned in that way, too. And it is noteworthy that when Sidney reads into inanimate objects human sentiments, his analogies are at least precise on the surface. When the girls have finished bathing in the Ladon, which has grown amorous after such an experience, and are drying themselves, "the water (with some drops) seemed to weep, that it should part from such bodies." Owing to the tricks of the Petrarchists, the whole universe was easily conceived of as being thrilled by a lady's beauty, and Sidney, while falling in with the habit, strove more than most for accurate likenesses. Not infrequently one runs across such a choice bit as this: "Her lips, although they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them; her cheeks blushing, and withal when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred." If it is said that prose is tortured by the general run of Sidney's analogies, then the same charge, in less degree, must be brought against Bacon in the Essays. He himself might have written Sidney's comment on a dog coming out of the river, "shaking off the water (as great men do their friends) now he had no further cause to use it."

Naturally, the language of the "Arcadia" will never again come into use; though it is perhaps worth noting that for Sidney's "goodly cypress, who bowing her fair head over the water, it seemed she looked into it, and dressed her green locks by that running river," the purist Hawthorne has an overhanging tree beside the river at Concord which with its outstretched arms appears ready to dive in. But I would not dismiss Sidney's style with an apology; it was too much a part of himself to deserve anything of the sort. If Spenser could catch the poetry of a mere fleck of light, the sunshine in a grove or the glint of a stream, Sidney's language seldom fails to bring out the tender beauty of the humblest surroundings:

It [the picture] was of a young maid which sate pulling out a thorn out of a lamb's foot, with her look so attentive upon it, as if that little foot could have been the circle of her thoughts.

H. DEW. F.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The late Edward N. Crane, of Newark (who died suddenly in June, 1911), had been for the last eight or ten years an enthusiastic collector of Americana, especially of New Jersey books. His library, it is announced, will be sold at auction this coming spring by the George H. Richmond Literature Company, of this city.

Few books are rarer than the first publications relating to New Jersey. Of the six thin tracts published by the Scottish Proprietors, 1676-1685, Mr. Crane was able to procure two:

(1.) "An Abstract, or Abbreviation of some Few of the Many (Later and Former) Testimonys from the Inhabitants of New-Jersey, and other Eminent Persons," London, 1681. Of this, the second book on New Jersey, four other copies are known, in the John Carter Brown Library, British Museum, and Huntington and Halsey collections. (2.) "An Advertisement Concerning the Province of East-New-Jersey in America. Published for the Information of such as are desirous to be concerned therein, or to transport themselves thereto." Edinburgh, 1685. Of this piece only two other copies are known, one in the New York Public Library, the other in the Huntington collection.

Other New Jersey books, slightly less rare than the two named above, which Mr. Crane procured are:

(3.) George Scott's "Model of the Government of the Province of East-New-Jersey in America: And Encouragement for such as Design to be concerned there." Edinburgh, 1685. Of this book, some fifteen or sixteen copies are recorded. The Crane copy was formerly Mr. Lefferts's, and is of the variety intended, it is supposed, for circulation in England, pp. 37, 38 having been reprinted. The variety intended for circulation in Scotland, with the passage recommending religious freedom as an inducement for emigration, is the rarer.

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(4.) Thomas Budd's "Good Order established in Pennsylvania & New Jersey in America," 1685. Although the book bears *no place of printing*, the imprint reading simply "Printed in the year 1685," there is little doubt that it was printed in Philadelphia by William Bradford, and was, except for an almanac, the first book printed by him. Some eight or ten copies have been traced.

(5.) Thomas's "Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pennsylvania and of West-New-Jersey," London, 1698. The Crane copy is fine and crisp in the original binding. It was formerly in Newbold Edgar's library, dispersed privately.

The rarest book in Mr. Crane's library is probably "A Discourse and View of Virginia," by Gov. William Berkeley, a thin pamphlet of twelve pages, printed, probably, in 1662. The only other copy known is in the British Museum. Neither of these two copies has a title-page, and it is possible that *none was ever printed, though*, as the text begins on A2, it is certain that a leaf of some kind, possibly only a blank, is lacking.

Among other early books on Virginia are Robert Johnson's "Nova Britannia" (1609) and "New Life of Virginia" (1612); Smith's "General Historie" (1624), with first issue of title-page and with the rare slip of errata; Bullock's "Virginia Impartially Examined and left to Public View" (1649); Beverly's "History of Virginia" (1722); and Jones's "Present State of Virginia" (1724).

Mr. Crane was always much interested in collections of Voyages. He acquired the Eugene Paillet copy of the first French collection of voyages, "Extrait ou Recueil des Isles Nouvellement Trouvés" (1532), in an elaborate binding. His set of voyages published by Hulsius, which is complete (with minor imperfections), formerly belonged to the late E. D. Church, who disposed of it when he purchased the great Henry Stevens set, for which he paid $6,500. The first collection of voyages in English, Peter Martyr's "Decades of the New World," translated by Richard Eden (1555), is in the library, though the copy is an inferior one. Hakluyt's first collection, "Divers Voyages touching the discoverie of America" (1582), is one of the rarest and most interesting of books, though, as usual, both maps are in facsimile. Hakluyt's enlarged "Voyages" (1589) and the final collection in three volumes (1598-1600), as well as Samuel Purchas's "Pilgrimes," five volumes (1625-26), made up partly from manuscripts left by Hakluyt, are in the library, besides Ramusio, Linschoten, Montanus, Pinkerton, and other later collections.

The series of editions of Las Casas is remarkable. Besides the nine original Spanish tracts, there are numerous translations, including the one in English, "The *Spanish Colonie*" (1583), the most valuable of all.

Among books on Canada and the Northern Frontier are Champlain's "Voyages" of 1613, 1619, 1620, 1632, and 1640, all perfect, except the last, which has the large map in facsimile. The editions of 1620 and 1640 are merely title editions, the text being identical with the books of 1619 and 1632. The series of editions of Lescarbot's "Nouvelle France" is equally good. There are French editions of 1609, 1611, 1612, and 1618, the first and last being fine copies from the Charles H. Kalbfleisch collection, afterwards Newbold Edgar's. There is also the English edition (1609), translated at Hakluyt's suggestion by P. Erondelle, a French schoolmaster in London.

Alsop's "Character of the Province of Maryland" (1665); Denton's "Brief Description of New York, formerly called New Netherland" (1670), the date, as usual, cut off by the binder; Wood's "New Englands Prospect" (1634), first edition with the correct map, and Hubbard's "Present State of New England" (1677) are other books in English of first-class importance.

We mention last, because of most importance, the Latin Columbus letter. This is Plannck's second edition (Rome, 1493), four leaves, a fine and perfect copy. It was formerly the Astor Library copy, sold a few years ago as a duplicate by the New York Public Library.

Correspondence

MR. HENRY C. LEA'S "HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 16 occurs the following passage in the Paris correspondence of S. D.:

M. Bratli says of Henry C. Lea [author of the "History of the Inquisition"]: "He cites papers and documents from nearly all the archives of Europe, without its being known that he anywhere undertook personal researches"—an insinuation which may have point where persons like Philip II are concerned, but is to no purpose in matters concerning the Inquisition.

Your learned and esteemed correspondent doubtless did not perceive the unfortunate impression which this passage might give to those readers who were not already aware of the unimpeachable standards of accurate and original scholarship adhered to during a lifetime by the late Mr. Henry C. Lea. The facts have been elsewhere placed on record, by Prof. Edward Potts Cheyney, of the University of Pennsylvania, in an obituary notice of Mr. Lea, published in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. I, 1911, No. 198. Believing that they ought to be publicly noted also in the same columns where the French author's unjust insinuation was printed, I wrote to Philadelphia, and with permission now make the quotation below from a letter of Professor Cheyney, dated January 28, 1913. The quotation specifically meets the insinuation:

Mr. Lea had a large body of manuscript material copied from various European archives by thoroughly competent copyists; and these copies are still in existence, and accessible to any one, in his library. I have gone over many of them, both with him during his lifetime, and in the process of classification with one of my colleagues, Mr. Howland, since his death. They are not only systematically and carefully made transcripts, but are annotated all through by his own hand, indicating the use he made of them. Work done by official, semi-official, or other capable copyists is universally considered to be just as authoritative material as if the author went himself directly to the actual original. In fact, the use of printed sources is obviously dependent on the work of such copyists. . . . Any question of the originality of the materials used by Mr. Lea, or of his patient care in their use, seems absurd to any one who was familiar with his habits of work.

Apropos of histories of the Inquisition, it is proper to mention here a book, not named by your learned correspondent, which, until the appearance of De Cauzons's work, reviewed by him, gave the most authoritative account of the ecclesiastical courts and procedure of the Middle Ages—I mean Fournier's "Les Officialités au moyen âge" (1880). Unfortunately, it is now out of print; I have not seen it offered in the book-lists once during the past ten years; and Professor Fournier apparently is not to give us a second edition. Any one who knows of a copy that can be consulted in this country will do a favor by letting me know.

JOHN H. WIGMORE.

Northwestern University, February 15.

EXPLOITING THE PHILIPPINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a hopeful sign that the President-elect has publicly expressed sentiments in close accord with your editorial (November 14, 1912), on the "Philippines Question."

Mr. Wilson is popularly reputed to be of conservative tendencies, and, in all likelihood, will make haste slowly in forcing any radical recommendations upon the Congress. It is a foregone conclusion that the Jones bill or any measure affecting the present *status quo* will develop active opposition. In such cases the usual procedure is a compromise pending the investigation of a Congressional committee or a Presidential commission. The personnel of such bodies is usually composed of distinguished public men of high standing.

During a residence of more than eleven years in the Philippines, and in pursuits that have taken me many times throughout the archipelago from the Batanes to the Sulu Sea, I have observed that distinguished visitors see these islands and meet their people under conditions not of a sort to give them a close insight into actual conditions. We have here a well-organized defensive league whose explicit duties are to "steer" visitors of prominence so that they may not come into contact with any disturbing or inharmonious elements. The agents are paid for this purpose, and the "Filipino pays the freight."

When the late Secretary of War, Dickinson, was here, his itinerary was not only prearranged, but he was carefully policed *night and day, in order that no American* or Filipino known to have dissenting views from the policy of the Administration should have access to him.

To cement our grip upon these possessions we have effected a masterpiece of diplomatic tact. In ten years, notwithstanding a stationary population, and without any reduction whatsoever of the high-salaried American staff, we have nearly doubled (see Blue Book) the civil-service roster of low-salaried native employees. Now all the past records of the Filipino Assembly show a desire and effort to administer affairs with the closest economy consistent with efficiency. As some thousands of these appointments were made for no other reason than to justify our boast that we are inducting the native into the art of government, one-half or more of them would, under a Filipino régime, be summarily dismissed as supernumeraries. But the burning question is, which half?

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Our brilliant *coup* has worked out to make both halves united and solid supporters of America. Our every energy is now concentrated upon goading this patient people into some overt or treasonable act which shall call for the intervention of the mailed fist, in order that we may shout aloud in triumph, "We told you so." A trivial petty larceny we magnify into "Threatened Insurrection," writ large. At a recent banquet, poor little Quezon used these words: "The United States had better give us our freedom. It will be better for them to do so, and better for the Filipinos." The next day the American newspapers had, under fearsome scareheads: "Quezon makes veiled threats against the authority of the United States." And even Bishop Brent used his pulpit to denounce this act of "black ingratitude." This, however, is not the first time in the history of our country that the pulpit has thundered in behalf of the sacred institution of slavery.

WM. S. LYON.

Manila, January 6.

HEADLINE ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether the headlines of one's morning paper are matter for laughter or tears is largely a question of the reader's temperament. As in the case of Atticus, there is often ground enough for both—especially on the part of those who are interested in the potent influences at work upon our speech. For in its striving for certain praiseworthy ends—brevity, conciseness, tellingness of phrase—the newspaper headline occasionally plays fantastic tricks before high heaven. I subjoin a few samples, clipped from the representative newspapers of one of our largest cities. And I hasten to add, in order to forestall an amply warranted skepticism, that the originals are all in my possession.

The first batch offers exercises in ingenuity. "Woman Fires Self Lighting Pipe" leaves one in some suspense as to what was really fired, but the statement is lucid in comparison with another from the same paper: "To Pen for Killing Over One Cent." The paragraph thus headed contains an account of a sentence to the penitentiary imposed upon one Stanley Wesnewski for the killing of Frank Mantowski in a dispute over the possession of one cent. Through the labyrinth of the following (there *is* a clue!) one may wander at will: "Judge Orders Man Suing Wife Said She Saw in Hall Brought In." "Men Nearly Blind Suitor Girl Favors" does blunder round about a meaning; but the purport of the next remains greatly dark: "Sees No House Row Harm; Mayor Says Body Has No Important Legislation Control Split Delays." "Light Clerks Macbeth Supes" is the terse summary of a paragraph recounting how the clerks of a certain light and power company were employed as supernumeraries in a performance of "Macbeth." And a momentary shock of surprise has its compensating pleasure as the following grows upon one: "Large Plymouth Rock Hen Lays Toy Egg on Drop in Market Price"—a triumph probably of the same artist who had previously written: "Ex-Bankers' Head is Dead." The mysterious caption, "Raps Tear-Making Rites," heads an account of a clergyman's statement that "the old idea of having the funeral an intentionally tear-producing affair was out of date"; while "Grips Convict Toil" Poser" is headline English for "tackles the problem of convict labor."

Moreover, to the headline is due a rapid enrichment of our vocabulary. It has long been a matter of course that all legislators should be "Solons," all aldermen "city fathers," all detectives "sleuths," and all aviators "bird men." But it is with a wild surmise that one greets "Crop Sage Who Advises Buy Direct from Farm," until one sees below the line the features of Secretary Wilson, and learns that the Crop Sage is the "Agricultural Secretary" (*sic*). A few days later the same paper offers the following: "Biscuit Baron Finds South Outstrips North in Progress." The Biscuit Baron turns out to be "the millionaire President of the National Biscuit Company." "Defends Alien-Getters" calls attention to the defence of a certain State Board of Immigration. But it is in a rival paper that the following gem appears: "Angry at Being Shot Shootee Beats Shooter." It may be added that the headline (observed last week), "Gun Thought Empty Discharges, Striking Gamebearer in Van," is not designed to convey anatomical information, but merely to state the fact that the "shootee" was walking ahead of the "shooter"!

The headlines, too, are magnificently Elizabethan in the freedom with which any part of speech is made to do duty for any other. "Held, Due to River Death"; "Puts Baron Canteen Father"; "Eyesore Fate in Doubt"; "Cites Jap Christ Hatred"; "Two Die of Stair Falls"; "Woman Steals as Sleuth Step"; "Mr. —— to Travel-Talk"; "To Honeymoon in South Africa"; "Crawls Snow to School"; "Races Continent with Death."

Nor is chaste elegance of style without its votaries. "Tolstoi Memorial Frost; Fire-eaters, Slamming American Conduct, Spoil Cincinnati Tribute"; "Pop Concert Audience Dents Lid in Encores"; "St. Louisan, Broke Abroad, Peels Liner Spuds to Get Home"; "Bible Revisionists Combing Europe" (glossed for the uninitiated in the sub-head: "Papal Commission Has Envoys Searching Libraries of Many Nations"); "Titled Touts to Get Frosty Glare." Occasionally the headliner even shows that he has drunk of Aganippe's well: "Jug of Wine, Can of Paint and Thou Leads to Jail."

And newspaper headlines are more widely read than anything else in print.

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES.

Washington University, January 29.

"TRIPE-VISAGED."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the second part of "Henry IV," act 5, scene 4, line 9, Doll Tearsheet applies to the beadle, who has come to arrest her, the epithet of "tripe-visaged rascal." It had never occurred to me that there was any obscurity in the term until recently I saw it defined in the Century Dictionary as: "Having a face resembling tripe, either in paleness or sallowness, or in being flabby, baggy, and expressionless." This at once impressed me because it varied so widely from the sense that I had attributed to the term, and I investigated further. I was surprised to find it given in Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon as: "An epithet applied by Doll Tearsheet to the beadle, in a sense probably not quite clear to herself (pale? sallow?)."

Now it appears quite evident to me that the sweet-tempered Doll knew just what she meant and meant just what she and the beadle both understood the term to mean. The surface of a piece of tripe has a pitted appearance dreadfully suggestive of pock-marks, and doubtless Doll used the most offensive term she could think of for an equivalent of "pock-faced." The frequency with which the allusion to pock-marks occurred in that age is shown by such expressions as "pocke eaten," 1550; "pock-fretten," 1640; "poke frekyns," 1530; "poik-braik," 1568, etc. F. STURGES ALLEN.

Springfield, Mass., February 14.

Literature

YOUNG CHINA.

Recent Events and Present Policies in China. By J. O. P. Bland, joint author, with E. Backhouse, of "China Under the Empress Dowager." Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4 net.

Mr. Bland's long experience in China entitles him to respect as an authority. To the question, "What are the prospects of Young China's evolving an effective and acceptable administration under the Republic before the dangerous elements of the community shall have thrown off the last remnants of control?" he replies that "salvation from this quarter is impossible: not only because Young China itself is unregenerate and undisciplined, but because its ideals and projects of government involve the creation of a new social and political structure utterly unsuited to the character and traditions of the race; because it is contrary to all experience that a people cut off from its deep-rooted beliefs and habits of life should develop and retain a vigorous national consciousness." But there are other authorities who are as optimistic about the future of China as Mr. Bland is pessimistic: Dr. Morrison and "Putnam Weale," for example. What is the layman to think when experts such as these disagree?

The natural answer to such a question is the affirmation that all opinions are probably equally worthless. But the opinion of a recognized publicist in a critical affair like that of China at the moment goes far to mould public opinion in the Western world, and the voice of the people ultimately shapes the policies of such countries as enjoy free government. What observers like Mr. Bland believe or say should be considered with some attention. He prophesies ill for a rule as unsteady as that of Peking during the past year. The Peking corre-

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spondent of the London *Times* describes the Government of China as still "dangerously invertebrate"; nevertheless, that Government holds on without any serious menace to its authority. While the southern provinces incline to lawless obstruction and the fringes of the empire are menaced by foreign nations, trade and the revenue continue to increase and the central administration receives substantial if not sufficient funds. The truth seems to be that no estimate of Chinese affairs is adequate which is based upon the principles of political philosophy as accepted in the West. China has retained the instinct for self-preservation inherent in communities of the mediæval type where the people, if allowed to work, can live off the ground they cultivate without much concern for the interruption of either imports or exports. They constitute a political entity that is virtually indestructible. We have forgotten that this has long ceased to be the case with European states, the richest of which would be strangled by any serious derangement in the machinery of its administration or of its relations with the outside world. Mr. Bland has overlooked this essential difference between a state of the antique type and the scientifically organized commercial powers. The repetitious discussion carried through the five hundred pages of his book presents a travesty on Mr. Cleveland's famous dictum, for here it is a theory, not a situation, that confronts us. Were we to accept his theory of inevitable collapse in China, the effect upon her immediate future might well be disastrous in removing from her the sympathetic attention of neutral Powers upon whose moral support in the throes of transition she has some right to rely.

It is not easy to controvert the author's main contention that the programme of the revolution is impossible of achievement. It is, of course, a tremendous experiment: who can say that it will succeed? The premises of his argument rest mainly upon the principles enunciated by John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer—principles so generally accepted in the Caucasian world where they were propounded that any logical deduction from them obtains assent from Western readers. The trouble with this proceeding seems to lie in the fallacy, quite unsuspected by these readers, of applying to the Oriental a philosophy the fundamentals of which are very imperfectly supported by political experience in the East. On the other hand, the range and complexity of the subject are so great that, after we have thrown away our old text-books, no Western student is as yet competent to declare a new system upon which the course of events can be reasonably interpreted. We may in a vague way discern in China more definite influence derived from kinship and from belief in the prevalence of departed spirits than in Europe; a less definite conviction than we have in logical processes of reasoning and in such institutions as jurisprudence and the Church. These generalities do not go very far, nor can they be assumed as postulates, but in view of our inadequate grasp of the problem we should be extremely wary in committing ourselves to deduction.

As Mr. Bland does commit himself freely to deductions, an examination of some of his statements ought to be permitted, whatever may be said for the bases of his disquisition. Perhaps it is due to temperament that he fails to discover religious inspiration of any sort in China. "The effects of Western education," he says, "reflect the callous agnosticism of the masses; hardly a whisper, in all this valley of dry bones, of any vivifying breath. The glory that once was China has departed, like that of Greece and Rome, because of the decay of religious faith and worship." Others who have lived there and who know as much of China as he report the matter differently. From them we learn that the Chinese are susceptible to inspiration of a purely spiritual kind and actually show better than most Asiatics their appreciation of a living faith. The fact that, being a practical people, their reverence does not assume the ecstatic or sensual forms familiar in India and Burma should not blind us to its existence and reality in China, or make us forget that in the Superior Man of Confucius or in the older conception of *Tao* the Chinese have long been animated by ideas of the highest spiritual significance. In such an issue we must prefer the testimony of many observers to that of one. A similar tendency to discredit the spiritual side of Chinese character seems to inspire the author's assertion that "loyalty to a leader is the rarest of Chinese virtues." Chinese patriotism has been sadly bedraggled during the last century of Manchu truculence and corruption, but it is not likely in so brief a time to have disappeared from a race which can display numerous brilliant examples of that virtue in thirty centuries of recorded history. Loyalty is a spirit that may take protean forms and even mask under disguises. In China, where alone until recently the educated Chinese could conceive of life as worth living, it has ever been a spirit of fealty to one's class or interests within the empire. Until they learned of the existence of other states equal in culture and strength to their own, whose ambitions were capable of antagonizing China's superior claims, they had no more idea of applying the term to their country than have we to the inhabited globe. Now, in their newly-born consciousness of foreign rivalry, they are clearly moved by the devotion and even chivalry inspired by a true love of country, however confused by the "shouting of unstable and interested politicians, blind leaders of the blind, without permanent inspiration or consistent purpose."

While in these and some other respects Mr. Bland does not appear to have made his contention good against those who read the Chinese spirit differently, he is justified in ridiculing the idea that old habits and traditions will be transformed through the magic of the word "Republic." There is nothing divine, nothing compelling, in the name. The causes of the uprising against the Manchus were chiefly economic, and the proclaiming of the Republic by the Cantonese was, if you please, an act of inspired selfishness. The South has never raised a man who could control China, and it is unlikely that it ever will. But in acumen and dexterity the men of Kwangtung and Fuhkien are superior as a whole to those of the other provinces. They perceived a better chance for their future participation in the general government in a copartnership under representative institutions than in the hopeless attempt to force a southern dynasty upon the nation. There are seeds of trouble in the antagonism between South and North, as there were for Japan at the beginning of the Meiji era in the jealousy and ambitions of Satsuma, but the prospect for some sort of cohesion is certainly greater under a republic, however imperfect, than under a dynastic leader from one or the other of the rival factions. English writers not infrequently exhibit the prejudice against republican forms that is generally to be found in English "society." It is possible that Mr. Bland is influenced by a feeling common to his class, and that he overlooks the fact that a monarchy conducted "constitutionally" in a country which has only known an autocratic control involves as radical a change as a republic. He thinks rightly that a political *volte-face* like this may leave the people of China ignorant of its purport, but his deduction from this does not necessarily follow. The utter absence of political consciousness among the masses is not so much a menace as a safeguard against indefinite continuance of the turmoil. This proved to be the case in Japan. These are peoples who have always left the conduct of politics to their betters. If the literati could agree among themselves as to problems of statecraft, they would obey orders. To them the proof of the pudding always lay in the eating; if a mismanaged state induced economic distress, they troubled very little about the recipe, but went out with staves to look for the cook. The intellectuals are, therefore, fairly justified by age-old pre-

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cedents in assuming entire control and in establishing, with the ballot, qualifications for a "silk-gowned franchise"; it is a sensible precaution of the brain of the body politic against the lust and passion of its still unregulated members. The people of China must be "managed" for a long time to come, and it is fitting that they should be controlled and educated by the class which they have always respected—a class recruited, however, from the best of the common folk. That this class is feeling its way towards new and strange forms of government to free the nation from insufferable evils of the past, amid appalling risks from a civilized world beyond their own, is an aspect of the case which calls for friendly consideration rather than a too particular criticism of motives and methods.

It is this phase of the problem of changing China which inspires our strictures upon Mr. Bland's discussion. His creditable career entitles his views to respectful examination. They are advanced with ability, but they are supported almost entirely by his personal observation and remain, after all, personal opinions the value of which can only be tested by time. If they are accepted in this country as a reason for condemning a valiant if quixotic effort of China's young enthusiasts to rescue their nation from the fate of ancient Babylonia, they may do some harm.

CURRENT FICTION.

[THE NORTHWEST AND GILBERT PARKER.]

The Man at Lone Lake. By Virna Sheard. New York: Cassell & Co.

Corporal Cameron of the Northwest Mounted Police. By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Pierre and His People. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Romany of the Snows. The same.

Northern Lights. The same.

Mrs. Falchion. The same.

The other day, in reviewing "The Long Portage," by Harold Bindloss (November 21, 1912), we noted that the fiction of the Canadian Northwest is now the product of a well-understood convention. Such is the fate of all frontier fiction. Those bold types of humanity in untrammelled action which thrill a law-abiding and sedentary public run quickly into grooves, and are seen to act according to established rule. The miner, the cowboy, the bad Indian, the gambler, the tenderfoot, the woodsman, the female camp-follower, the sheriff, the dive-keeper, the athletic "sky-pilot," the Yankee school-marm, the half-breed, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the ranch—these pretty well exhaust the types to be encountered in our far-Western fiction. And the very clearness of their outlines sets a limit to their usefulness in the hands of a serious story-teller. Bret Harte, in later years, could only imitate himself, his Californians became pale shadows of the figures which he had once made vivid and famous. The miner, the desperado, the cowboy, are already, as it were, set pieces. A great artist may yet conceivably give them new meaning, but they seem destined to live chiefly in the hands of the melodramatist, the "short-story" expert, and the "photoplay-wright."

The fiction of the Canadian Northwest is of somewhat younger growth, and the process of hardening has not gone so far as with our ranch and trail literature. But it is well under way. Many of its human types are virtually the same as ours—with a French or British accent. Two of them, and the dominant two, are radically different. His red coat and imperial authority give the mounted policeman an immense advantage over the county sheriff in civilian clothes who stands casually for the law on our side of the line. The very title of sheriff is a bit dingy and dubious, almost as likely to belong to the dupe or the villain of American romance as to its hero. There is no doubt about the mounted policeman. He is, so far as we are able to learn, always right and always picturesque.

The second distinct type is the Younger Son, corrupted or flung off by civilization and destined to become a man in the Bush before the death of the heir makes him a nobleman at home. This is evidently a different person from our tenderfoot, a person of consequence, to be regarded with solicitude, not ridicule. Our tenderfoot is reformed sufficiently for our purposes when he has learned to bust a broncho, pull a gun, and "irrigate" freely without showing it. The Younger Son is reformed when he has purged his system of alcohol and "side" and learned to pick up a living with his hands. He is then fitted to return to civilization and prove that a lord's a man for a' that.

Of this type is the "man at Lone Lake." He has turned hermit in the Bush, to fight the morphia habit. His only neighbor is an old trapper, whose daughter has run away from him because she cannot bear his trade. She takes refuge in a convent, and sends him word that she will never come back till he gives up his trapping. Finally he is struck down by paralysis, and sends the man at Lone Lake to bring the girl back—his trapping days are over. Of course, the man and the girl fall in love, the man conquers his appetite for morphia, succeeds to a baronetcy, and returns to England with his bride—not, however, without difficulties in connection with a villanous half-breed, who abducts the girl. She is rescued by the god of novelists, and the villain dies at the hands of an officer of the Mounted Police.

Corporal Cameron is not heir to a baronetcy but to a Highland chieftainship. At his Scottish university he is a wonderful football player, and not incapable of scholarship, but drink brings about his disgrace on field and in classroom. He proves unfit for business, and goes to Canada as a failure. There he achieves success as a farm-hand, as a member of a surveyor's gang, and finally as a mounted policeman.

At the beginning of the third book, when one has a little wearied of descriptions of farm life, local merry-makings, and the like, the action accommodatingly bursts into melodrama, and thereafter matters are lively enough. Cameron is kidnapped by a whiskey-runner, miraculously escapes death a half-dozen times, joins the Mounted Police, and quickly becomes "the best man on the force." Most remarkable of all is the development of "heart-interest" in the later pages of the story. A shapeless, grammarless, unclean farm-wench, whom the earlier chapters have displayed hopelessly enamoured of Cameron, is in two years transformed by the power of love into a golden-haired, graceful, manicured, and radiant damsel, fit and destined to be the mate of Corporal Cameron.

What Bret Harte was to the American frontier, Gilbert Parker is to the Canadian Northwest. The fact is brought home by the first three volumes of the new Imperial Edition of his works, which contain his earlier short stories in this popular field. Sir Gilbert's introduction to the first of these volumes, "Pierre and His People," gives an account of their origin. He was born and educated in Canada, but at twenty became editor of a newspaper in Sydney, and spent the following years writing or roving in Australia and the South Seas. But the life of the Canadian frontier held his imagination, and when in 1889 he came to London, he brought with him a collection of tales of the Northwest. Aspiring to publish them, he got Archibald Forbes to read them. Forbes's sole comment was that the young writer had "the best collection of titles he had ever known." Parker took the hint, and burned them all that night. The next day, pausing aimlessly before the window of a second-hand shop, he saw the leather coat and fur cap of a Hudson Bay Company trapper. "At that window," he says, "I began to build upon the ashes of last night's fire." Pretty Pierre, the original of whom he had known as a child, seemed to look out of the shop-window at him. He went home and began the Pierre series, which first won him a public, and which, as he

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justly avers, "was the pioneer of the Far North in fiction."

The story he wrote that night was "The Patrol of the Cypress Hills." Its chief figures are Pretty Pierre and an officer of the Mounted Police; and they or their analogues keep the lead throughout the three volumes of tales here reprinted, and throughout Sir Gilbert's Canadian fiction as a whole. Pierre, the half-breed—gambler, outlaw, and slayer of men—is pictured as, in effect, a Beaucaire of the North. He lives his desperate life with a bloom upon his cheeks, a song upon his lips. His manners are fastidious in their way, and he has a code of honor. He wrongs no woman, and is generous towards many a man. He is, it will be perceived, Bret Harte's Oakhurst, with a different costume and accent. Not that there is question of deliberate imitation: Pretty Pierre is Beaucaire, Oakhurst, Robin Hood—a romantic type of inexhaustible charm and effectiveness. It exists, however imperfectly, in any scantily policed society, from that of the Northwestern frontier to that of certain well-known districts in New York City.

The mounted policeman belongs to another universal type: the chivalrous "cop" is as dear to the popular heart—or almost as dear—as the chivalrous "crook." But the officer of the Northwest has, we have hinted, a special glamour due to his imperial authority. We are now acquiring a true analogue in the United States in the person of the forest ranger, who has already made his appearance in fiction. His authority is more than local, he represents something more to the imagination than even the Government at Washington. But he lacks the glamour of the imperial Rider of the Plains. At the very end of the long and hectic tale called "Mrs. Falchion," a member of the Mounted Police appears just in time to prevent a bloody fracas between a gang of river-drivers and a gang of fishermen. "I am a sergeant of the Mounted Police of Canada!" he cries; "my jurisdiction extends from Winnipeg to Vancouver. You cannot have this man except over my body: and for my body every one of you will pay with your lives; for every blow struck this night there will be a hundred blows. . . ." A little declamatory, a trifle theatrical, these people of Sir Gilbert Parker's—an incorrigible romancer, to whom coincidence is a pillar of cloud, and poetic justice a pillar of fire.

This new edition, which will run to eighteen volumes, is quite as handsome as the editions of Kipling, Stevenson, and Meredith, previously issued by the same publishers. It is to be had only in sets.

GEORGE MOORE AGAIN.

Hail and Farewell. Salve. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

The first volume of this trilogy, which was entitled "Ave," set forth in full the considerations and reconsiderations which led Mr. Moore in the days of the Boer War to make a reconnoitring expedition into Ireland and to take counsel with the literary chiefs in Dublin concerning the future of art. This second volume treats of the transference from London to Dublin of his bag and baggage, his Manets and his Monets, of his long and earnest endeavor to become a concordant note in the Irish Renaissance, and of his final tragic conviction that Roman Catholicism was hostile to art, and that "Dogma and Literature were incompatible." The anti-Roman thesis gives to the book a certain tenuous continuity, but it appears to be only incidental to the main purpose of the work.

What this purpose is may best be explained by reference to the nearest French equivalent. In the preface to the great "Journal des Goncourt," brother Edmond says: "We have tried to make our contemporaries live again among posterity in life-like guise, to make them live again by the spirited stenography of a conversation, by the physiological surprise of a gesture, by those flashes of passion in which a personality is revealed, by that *je ne sais quoi* which renders the intensity of life—by noting, in short, a little of that fever which is peculiar to the heady life of Paris." On the 28th of May, 1857, the Goncourt firm entered this thought in their journal: *Un joli titre pour des souvenirs publiés de son vivant: SOUVENIRS DE MA VIE MORTE.* In 1906 Mr. Moore carried out the hint with his "Memoirs of My Dead Life." Add to this his earlier "Confessions of a Young Man" and the trilogy now before us, and the scope of his design becomes apparent: he aspires to be the Goncourt of the English decadence—the Boswell of a literary generation.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the matter of his epos is distinctly inferior. In the French work we are confronted with the real leaders of the generation, the peers of France who received their inheritance from Hugo and Balzac: Flaubert with his life poisoned by remorse for once having coupled two genitives, Gautier exploding in reckless paradox, Sainte-Beuve adorned with earrings of cherries and overflowing in fine malicious chat, Taine disputatious, Scherer coldly circumspect, Renan silent but curious like a respectable woman at a supper of courtesans, Zola comparing notes with Edmond on the pain in his intestines—and much more of less and greater import. This gossip at the lowest is still, so to speak, gossip from the tents of the heroes encamped before Troy. When we turn to Mr. Moore's journals, we are not turning to the Goncourt of a corresponding literary generation in England. We are no longer at the centre of the engagement. We are rather regaled with gossip from the camp-followers of the French movement. It is Symons, and Yeats, and Moore against Sainte-Beuve, and Flaubert, and Zola. On the whole, it is an English "Epigoniad" against a French "Iliad."

Yet as the Goncourt of English "side-issues" Mr. Moore has no rival. He deserves the credit for introducing into English a vivid personal narrative of literary contemporaries, which is almost a new literary form; what though all his heresies were long since anticipated by the guests at the Magny dinners. His work, furthermore, so far as the manner is concerned, possesses both the merits and defects of his French predecessors. He says apparently everything that he pleases without regard to the pleasure of living sensibilities. He mingles delightful bits of reverie with passages of studied grossness, pages of piquant dialogue, epigrams, criticisms of music, art, poetry, characters of the living and the dead. Most of his Irish fellow-workers he sketches with the detachment of a whimsical contempt. Of "dear old" Edward Martyn, one of the lesser dramatists, he writes, with his usual felicity of suggestion:

> A great psychologist might have predicted his solitary life in two musty rooms above a tobacconist's shop, and his last habits, such as pouring his tea into a saucer, balancing the saucer on three fingers like an old woman in the country. Edward is all right if he gets his mass in the morning and his pipe in the evening. A great bulk of peasantry with a delicious strain of Palestrina running through it.

He never lets slip an opportunity to add a comic stroke to his delineation of the character of Mr. Yeats:

> When the hooker that was taking Yeats over to Aran, or taking him back to Galway, was caught in a storm, Yeats fell upon his knees and tried to say a prayer; but the nearest thing to one he could think of was "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit," and he spoke as much of "Paradise Lost" as he could remember.

As usual, Mr. Moore writes with most particularity and interest of himself. He makes it perfectly clear that Ireland could never be anything to him but an exquisite place to dream in: "Oh, how beautiful is the world of vagrancy lost to us forever, Æ.!" There is nothing finer in all Moore's works than some of these occasional passages of vague and drifting reverie:

> A numbness stole upon my eyelids, and I began to see the strange folk plainer, coming in procession to the altar, headed by the Druids. Ireland was wonderful then, . . . and, opening my eyes, Ireland

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seemed wonderful in the blue morning that hung above her, unfolding like a flower—a great blue convolvulus hanging above the green land, swelling like the sea. My eyes closed again. It seemed to me that I could dream for ever of the gods, and the mysteries of Time, and the changes in the life of Man, of the listless beauty of the sky above, fading imperceptibly as the hours went by.

After a succession of these fine swan flights, it is amusing to find Mr. Moore comparing himself with Catholic Martyn, and wondering whether it would be wise for him to exchange, "were it possible, a wine-glass of intelligence for a rummer of temperament." More to the point is the passage in which he seems to reveal an awareness that his quarrel is not with Catholic Ireland nor with Protestant England, but with the whole spirit of Western civilization. His final words of self-justification will remind the reader of Dowden's defence of Shelley:

> The right of property holds good in all society; but in the West ethics invade the personal life in a manner unknown to the East, so much so that the Oriental stands agape at our folly, knowing well that every man brings different instincts and ideas into the world with him. The East says to the West, "You prate incessantly about monogamy——" A sudden thought darting across my mind left my sentence unfinished, and I asked myself what manner of man I was. . . . An extraordinarily clear and inflexible moral sense rose up and confronted me, and, looking down my past life, I was astonished to see how dependent my deeds had always been upon my ideas. *I had never been able to do anything that I thought wrong, and my conscience had inspired my books.*

However ill Mr. Moore has prospered in his endeavor to domesticate in England this Franco-Turkish latitude of conscience, it must be very satisfactory to him for his own part to look back over a perfectly impeccable past. We Occidentals know little of this inflexible rectitude of conduct. It is at odds with the genius of our morals and of our literature. Even our priests and holy men have not professed it; they have acknowledged their bad days of backsliding and shameful defeat. For we of English race know ourselves to be men of blood and sin, emerging from the welter and conflict with blotted 'scutcheons to partial triumphs; and, at our final retrospect, the best of us are of Henry the Fifth's mood:

> More will I do;
> Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
> Since that my penitence comes after all,
> Imploring pardon.

To put the whole matter on merely literary grounds, we resist Moore—though he is a pretty writer—to save Shakespeare, whom, on the whole, year in and year out, we prefer. East is East, and West is West; and when Mr. Moore has drained that wine-glass of intelligence, he may have another flash of insight, in which he may perceive that it is not dogma and literature that are incompatible, but George Moore and an English tradition of a thousand years.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and Others. In fifteen volumes. Vol. XV. New York: Robert Appleton.

With the publication of the fifteenth volume the Catholic Encyclopedia is brought to a close, and its editors and publishers are to be congratulated upon the completion of a really notable undertaking. The successive volumes have appeared with unfailing regularity; but five years having elapsed since the first came from the press, an unusual feat in a work of this magnitude. The present volume concludes with useful lists of errata covering the entire work. These are so much longer for the later than for the earlier volumes as to suggest that the difficulties of keeping up to schedule time increased as the work progressed. This was, of course, to have been expected, and argues no lack of care and fidelity on the part of the editors. The general quality of the whole has been well sustained, both in text and in illustrations, and the final volume seems fully on a level with its predecessors. Among its many important articles special mention may be made of those on the Council of Trent, the Vatican Council, the United States, Universities, Vows, Vestments, and Virgin Mary, the last two profusely illustrated, and also of the one on Westminster, containing a fine picture of the new London cathedral.

The elaborate article on the Trinity, "the central doctrine of the Christian religion," as it is called, is an excellent example of the historical and dogmatic method of approved Roman Catholic theology. The doctrine is found by the authors in the New Testament, and in the primitive church fathers, but the claim frequently made by orthodox Protestant divines, that it is taught also in the Old Testament, is not insisted upon.

The long and careful article on Tradition expounds and defends the Catholic principle in an admirably clear and unequivocal fashion. The following passages sufficiently indicate the author's point of view:

> The living magisterium, therefore, makes extensive use of documents of the past, but it does so while judging and interpreting, gladly finding in them its present thought, but likewise, when needful, distinguishing its present thought from what is traditional only in appearance. It is revealed truth always living in the mind of the Church, or, if it is preferred, the present thought of the Church in continuity with her traditional thought, which is for it the final criterion, according to which the living magisterium adopts as true or rejects as false the often obscure and confused formulas which occur in the monuments of the past. Thus are explained both her respect for the writings of the Fathers of the Church and her supreme independence towards those writings; she judges them more than she is judged by them. . . . Doctrinal infallibility has been guaranteed to the episcopal body and to the head of that body as it was guaranteed to the Apostles, with this difference, however, between the Apostles and the bishops, that each Apostle was personally infallible, . . . whereas only the body of bishops is infallible and each bishop is not so, save in proportion as he teaches in communion and concert with the entire episcopal body. At the head of this episcopal body is the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff, the successor of St. Peter in his primacy, as he is his successor in his see. As supreme authority in the teaching body, which is infallible, he himself is infallible.

The Union of Christendom is discussed in an interesting and instructive article of more than twenty pages, dealing both with the divisions of past and present and with the many efforts at reunion. The author is not sanguine of an early healing of the existing schisms between the Greek and Roman Churches, and between Catholics and Protestants, and he insists, as an orthodox Romanist must, that reunion can come, if at all, only through the return of all Christians to the bosom of the Mother Church, the Roman Catholic communion.

The two articles on Woman and Woman in English-speaking Countries, the one by an Austrian and the other by an American, represent somewhat different points of view. The former refers approvingly to the woman movement as "a gratifying sign of the times," but adds, "It is difficult to unite the direct participation of woman in the political and parliamentary life of the present time with her predominant duty as a mother. . . . On the other hand, the indirect influence of women, which in a well ordered state makes for the stability of the moral order, would suffer severe injury by political equality." The latter, while recognizing that "the opinions of the majority of Catholics seem to hold the political activity of women in disfavor," points out that "the Catholic Church has made no doctrinal pronouncement on the question of women's rights in the present meaning of that term," and that many prominent bishops have openly favored woman's suffrage.

The longest article in the volume is on the Vatican, containing an elaborate description of the palace and of its various museums, libraries, chapels, and residential apartments, and an account of its architectural history, its government, and administrative boards. The article is full of interesting and instructive information, some of it not easily accessible elsewhere, and is in every

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way a model of what an encyclopædia article should be.

My Friends at Brook Farm. By John Van Der Zee Sears. New York: Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.

Mr. Sears we take to be a man of affairs, not of books, though he refers to a little book on the life of ants as written by him, growing out of observations at Brook Farm. His father, born on Cape Cod, found a home in Albany, N. Y., among the descendants of the Dutch, and, marrying in that environment, numbered among his children our author, whom at a tender age he sent with a sister somewhat older to school at Brook Farm. The book records in interesting and simple fashion a boy's observations and impressions while in that famous community, giving glimpses of noted personages and a picturesque experience well worth remembering. Mr. Sears's references to Transcendentalism and the deeper life at Brook Farm are informal and brief, but clear and probably accurate as far as they go. He says:

> Their philosophy may be formulated as the philosophy of Here and Now, on the spot with the goods at the moment. This instant is the appointed time to live for all you are worth. Put your heart into your work right here. Respect for the past is all right, but never look back so intently as not to see what is before you Here and Now. Hope for the future is all right, but let not dreams of the good time coming becloud clear comprehension of the realities at hand Here and Now. This was their ideal, and they lived up to it every day and all day long. The unstated purpose was the carrying out of a social experiment, a practical attempt to form a community living the simple life. I can truly say I have never known a community anywhere who enjoyed this earthly existence more thoroughly than did these Brook Farmers. . . . To wake up every morning eager to begin an eager, active, joyful day, without a thought of anxiety—that was their ideal; and like their other ideals was fairly realized.

During our author's stay the community was reorganized formally on the Fourier basis, under the influence of Albert Brisbane, then a noted social reformer, but soon after succumbed under misfortunes, the most noteworthy being an invasion of smallpox and disastrous incendiary fires, due to neighborhood ill-will.

As an account of interesting personages and happenings seen from the point of view of a clever boy, the book is well worth while. Mr. Sears's Dutch friends suffered him with much reluctance to go into such associations. The boy himself was recalcitrant against New England institutions, having in particular an aversion to brown bread, an inevitable form of provender. But the kindly life soon won him over, and he describes it with admiring zest. The school, which had for its head George Ripley, was wisely managed, permitting an intermingling of work and play that developed the faculties well. As much was learned in the woods and fields as in the classrooms, for the teachers were the constant companions of their charges. No wholesome game was looked upon askance, nor was it allowed to interfere with hard work, the elders always leading the way. Mr. Ripley had especial charge of the cow-stable, in which were a score or so of cows that supplied the milk, choosing this task because the most repulsive. Mr. Sears became his first assistant, succeeding, he tells us, in this function Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had retired from the community, but came back sometimes as a friendly visitor. Mrs. Ripley, a refined lady, chose for the same reason to scrub the floors. The temper in which these labors were undertaken made them light and pleasant. Nothing was more enjoyed and elaborately carried out than the plays and pageants, in the winter in-doors, but when possible in the open, in the woods, or the amphitheatre by the brook. Here Abby Morton Diaz, authoress of the "William Henry Letters," was a moving spirit, while all pertaining to music was in charge of John S. Dwight. The most famous men and women of the time came to see, to lecture formally, and better still, to talk at their ease, in the free and pleasant atmosphere.

It is a fault of the book that it gives almost no dates or statistics. We do not know just when Mr. Sears went to Brook Farm, nor how long he stayed. The numbers of the community are not given, and of the noted people associated with it, we have often only vague mention, sometimes none at all. George William Curtis, for instance, is not noticed. The name of Orestes A. Brownson is barely given. Of Hawthorne we have only the briefest record, as a handsome fellow, then little known to fame, who came and went. Margaret Fuller is a very transient figure in the narrative, a visitor who oppresses the boyish auditor by talk not well adapted, while, on the other hand, Elizabeth Peabody is charming. In contrast with this neglect, Mr. Emerson, never a member, but often a sympathetic sojourner, is reverently remembered. George Ripley and his wife are brightly in the foreground, delightful personalities, he destined to great usefulness as perhaps the best critic of his day. Of John S. Dwight and Charles A. Dana, each on his way to a career of eminence, we have vivid pictures. So, too, of Father Hecker, who was then the Brook Farm baker, but who later swung back from Transcendentalism to old Rome, and founded the order of the Paulist Fathers. The book illuminates, but leaves in shadow much that one would like to see more clearly.

The Charles Dickens Originals. By Edwin Pugh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Of making many books on Dickens there is no end. Mr. Pugh confesses to two, but he does not intend his last to be a weariness to the flesh. On the contrary, he writes to satisfy a widespread interest in gossip about a popular novelist. He does, indeed, speak of his purpose to establish the deep influence that Dickens's acquaintances and friends had on his characterization and outlook on life. But he does not take this declared purpose too seriously. It would be inconvenient. The abandon of his method may be seen in his treatment of the suggestion "that Sidney Carton was founded on another purely imaginary character, Richard Wardour, the hero in Wilkie Collins's play, 'The Frozen Deep.'" With a fine scorn of logical procedure, he declares: "I have never read 'The Frozen Deep.' Nevertheless, I scout the suggestion that Dickens could ever have been indebted to any other writer—or, indeed, anybody—for any least part of his material."

He has justification for this attitude. A desire for scientific proof would have robbed him of the pleasure of writing the book at all. Dickens left so little evidence about his methods of composition and his sources of inspiration that a discussion of orginals is bound to deal in unfounded conjecture. Besides, such questions as whether Kate Nickleby was copied from Dickens's sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, or whether Sam Vale was the original of Sam Weller, have little real significance for the novelist's achievement. It is a psychological platitude that the creative imagination does not copy. It may gather details from a myriad different sources and must fuse them into a new whole that is independent and unique. Dickens himself affirms as much concerning one of his characters that was not created but made—Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House." Writing to Leigh Hunt of a fancied resemblance, he said:

> Every one in writing must speak from points in his experience, and so I of mine with you; but when I have felt it was going too close I stopped myself, and the most blotted parts of my manuscripts are those in which I have been striving hard to make the impression I was writing from *unlike* you. The diary writing I took from Haydon, not from you. I now first learn from yourself that you ever set anything to music, and I could not have copied *that* from you. The character is not you, for there are traits in it common to 50,000 people besides.

If Mr. Pugh posed merely as an entertainer, his book might be dismissed

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in a few lines. But he is constantly assuming the robes of the critic. He likes to scatter scintillating paradoxes in the manner of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. The point to which he returns time and again is Dickens's caricature. He asseverates that "it is precisely because of this stark rawness in depiction that Dickens's people, by virtue of their very eccentricity, live." Indeed, he avers with deep solemnity: "This is the miracle of art that only Dickens, after Shakespeare, was able to perform with consistent success."

The amused but catholic reader inquires what justifies such praise. He thinks of the creatures evoked by Dickens's imagination. He sees their red noses and cringing gestures. He hears the nasal twang of their voices or the deprecating cough that punctuates their conversation. Surely there is here an intensity of visualization and realization that is rare. Dickens did, indeed, live through the experiences in his books. Turn now to other great characters in fiction. Think of Marta in the "Marta y Maria" of Palacio Valdés. She stands for mystical devotion as much as Pecksniff stands for oily hypocrisy. Everything she does reveals the growing dominance of this religious ideal. Her acts are a consistent and convincing expression of her state of soul. Think of Anna Karenina in Tolstoy's novel. She, too, is visualized with rare vividness, but more salient is the unity of impression given by her conduct throughout the long book. Her passion is witnessed by innumerable acts that bring conviction and sympathy to the reader's heart. Set Falstaff against Mr. Micawber, as Mr. Pugh suggests. Falstaff talks an infinite deal, but, from the moment when he falls from praying to purse-taking because 'tis his vocation, to the moment when he babbles of green fields, his acts are the acts of the one and inimitable Falstaff.

It is just here that Dickens's characters fail to maintain in us, despite our lively realization of their appearance and speech, that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes the illusion art diffuses over its objects. Who can believe in the improvident Mr. Micawber as a prosperous citizen in Australia? Who can believe in the literary career of David Copperfield while thinking of the doll-like Dora holding the pens for him? A further illustration of how little we consider Dickens's world as the same world we live in may be seen in Sairey Gamp. That unsurpassable embodiment of vulgarity, so highly amusing in bizarrely fantastic Dickensland, would be unbearably disgusting if conceived of in our world. When tested by their conduct, Dickens's creations lose their miraculous quality. His characters live, not because of the exaggeration in the caricature—that is the very feature that makes them unreal—but because, having their being only in the atmosphere of humorous grotesquerie where their creator's imagination placed them, we willingly forget this unreality.

Of this truth Mr. Pugh catches fleeting glimpses. But he scorns to entertain a suggestion that would derogate from the greatness of Dickens's achievement or the universal truth of his art. With a dogmatism that reminds one of the "bludgeon school" of criticism, he indulges in the following delicate urbanity:

> The fact is that when any man says of literature or art that it presents a false picture of life he is talking like a fool, not a nice silly fool, but a conceited fool.

Notes

Doubleday, Page & Co. are bringing out Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, "The Mating of Lydia," which is described as a modern love story laid in rural England.

Among the books which Sturgis & Walton have in press are: "The Price of Inefficiency," by Frank Koester, and a new novel by John Fleming Wilson, entitled "The Princess of Sorry Valley."

Mr. Updike, of the Merrymount Press, Boston, announces the publication of a second group of books in the Humanist's Library, under the general editorship of Lewis Einstein. They are "Pico della Mirandola: A Platonick Discourse upon Love," translated by Thomas Stanley and edited by Edmund G. Gardner; "Giovanni della Casa: The Galateo—of Manners and Behaviour," edited by J. E. Spingarn, and "Albrecht Dürer: Journeys to Venice and to the Low Countries," edited by Roger Fry.

McBride, Nast & Co. will publish Alexander Black's romantic story, "Thorney," and "The Children in the Shadow," a work by Ernest K. Coulter which opposes the bill to abolish the Children's Court in New York.

"A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," soon to be issued by Seeley, Service & Co., has been written by a lady of culture and position. The book is edited by Miss Grace Ellison.

Putnams will soon have ready: "Patchword Comedy," a story by Humfrey Jordan; "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words," by Louis A. Flemming; "Things Learned by Living," by John Bascom; Vol. III in "The Story of the Civil War"—"The Campaigns of 1863 to July 10," by William Roscoe Livermore, and the following Cambridge books: "The Icelandic Sagas," by W. A. Craigie; "The Vikings," by Prof. Allen Mawer; "English Patriotic Poetry," selected by L. Godwin Salt, and "The Early History of the House of Savoy (1000-1233)," by C. W. Previté Orton.

The following are miscellaneous titles in Macmillan's list of spring publications: "Training the Boy," by William A. McKeever; "Labrador: the Country and the People," by Wilfred T. Grenfell, new and enlarged edition; "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet," by Dr. Sven Hedin, Vol. III; "Guide to the Best Fiction in English," by Ernest A. Baker; "Historical Fiction," the same; "Ancient Ideals," by Henry Osborn Taylor, new and revised edition; "Myself and I," poems by Fannie Stearns Davis; "The Governments of Europe," by Frederic Austin Ogg; "The Science of Human Behavior," by Maurice Parmelee; "Educational Administration: Quantitative Studies," by E. L. Thorndike; "History of Education in Modern Times," by F. P. Graves; "Handbook of Exposition," by R. A. Jelliffe, and "Everyday English," by Franklin T. Baker.

Applications for the Kahn Foundation for the Foreign Travel of American Teachers should be sent to the Secretary of the Foundation, Sub-station 84, New York city, not later than March 1. The fellowships carry with them stipends of $3,000 and no obligation other than that of making a year's journey around the world and rendering a report to the trustees. Fellows will be selected early in May and will begin their travels on July 1.

It is not hard to see why in England the great Dictionary of National Biography (Macmillan) should be regarded as a national institution. A mere glance through its pages must be like a visit to Westminster Abbey. Take the last two volumes of the second supplement to the Dictionary, containing the biographies of distinguished persons who died between January, 1901, and December, 1911. A nation that has so many great names to lose in the short space of ten years is entitled to look back at the past with pride and to envisage the future with courage. Francis Galton, S. R. Gardiner, W. S. Gilbert, Joseph D. Hooker, William Huggins, Holman Hunt, Henry Irving, Jebb, Lecky, Meredith, Cecil Rhodes, Herbert Spencer, H. M. Stanley, Swinburne, George Frederick Watts, and James McNeill Whistler are the outstanding figures in a numerous and distinguished company.

Like the original volumes of the Dictionary, these two supplementary volumes—the first volume of the supplement containing the much discussed memoir of Edward VII has already been noticed in the *Nation*—make fascinating reading. The plan of the Dictionary calls for the sober and highly condensed presentation of the truth, but it is far from neglecting the anecdotal or the picturesque. One can always count upon unearthing a piquant phrase or fact. Thus we consider it a real contribution to knowledge when we are informed that the author of "Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance," when he was two years old, was kidnapped by Neapolitan brigands and ransomed for £25. Sir Francis Galton not only established the science of eugenics and invented finger-prints and the composite photographs; he also constructed a map to show the geographical distribution of beauty in Great Britain. In his sketch of Phil May, E. V. Lucas tells how May was once asked for a loan of £50 and turned over all he had, which was only half the sum. Thereafter May used to avoid meeting the borrower because he felt that he still owed him £25. We may quote a few lines from Thomas Seccombe's estimate of George Meredith: "Meredith's novels are more like Platonic dialogues than works of

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fiction. His characters have as a rule singularly little volition or speech of their own. . . . He was articulate enough when he desired to be so. But the novel was more or less occidental to him. His descriptive power and insight into the secret chambers of the brain were indeed superb."

The University of Cambridge played an important part in the early history of the English Separatists. It was the alma mater of Robert Browne, the founder of the movement; of John Robinson, who was so closely connected with the Pilgrim Fathers; and of Francis Johnson, the leader of the first group of English Anabaptists. But hitherto no special study has been given to the contribution made by the University to this phase of religious life in England. As regards the Baptists, at least, this gap has now been filled by Mr. Bernard Nutter's little book on "The Story of the Cambridge Baptists and the Struggle for Religious Liberty" (Heffer; Cambridge, Eng.). It naturally gives special prominence to the influence exercised at Cambridge by Robert Robinson and by his eminent successor in the Baptist pastorate, Robert Hall, whose eloquence was regarded by his contemporaries as equal to that of Pitt or Fox. Incidentally, Mr. Nutter traces the course of the agitation for Nonconformist emancipation at the University, from the time of the Act of Uniformity to the abolition of religious tests at graduation.

Mr. Wilfred M. Short, for many years private secretary to Mr. Balfour, has brought out a volume of some 550 pages, entitled "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker" (Longmans). The book is, as the preface informs us, "an attempt to present in a convenient form the more important and interesting non-political views to which Mr. Balfour has given expression in his public writings, speeches, and addresses from the year 1879 to the present year." Just why the public should need an anthology of Mr. Balfour is not told us. The value of a philosophical anthology is always questionable, as logical continuity of thought is generally supposed to be one of the prerequisites of any real philosophy. However, there doubtless are many loyal followers of Mr. Balfour who will be interested in learning their leader's opinions on every possible subject; and all such readers will find in this book just what they want, and all arranged (most appropriately) in alphabetical order, from Authority, Bacon, and Beauty, to Stevenson and Tributes. The only wonder is that Mr. Short found nothing from his master's pen on Xenophon and Zeno.

Sergeant Maynard, the eminent lawyer and judge of the period of the later Stuarts, preferred the Year Books to comedy as the companions of his travels, and many others since that time have felt the fascination of these very human descriptions of the law trials in mediæval English courts. The Year Books have long been recognized as throwing light not only on the history of law and judicial procedure, but on many conditions of every-day life and the relations of every-day people, and on the manners and wit of the bench and the bar. Yet until the middle of the last century, these reports were either in manuscript or in untrustworthy texts, printed with eminent disregard for accuracy. In 1863, the first modern edition appeared in the Rolls Series, and from that time to the recent retirement of Mr. Pike as editor and the probable discontinuation of the British Government's share in the work, some twenty volumes have been issued for the reigns of Edward I and Edward III. Later, in 1903, the Selden Society, inspired by its founder and brilliant literary director, the late Professor Maitland, began the publication of a supplementary series for the reign of Edward II, which is now in its seventh volume, with two more in active preparation. Recently, the Law School of Harvard University has announced its intention to issue the Year Books of the reign of Richard II as a memorial to the late dean, Prof. James Barr Ames. In the seventh volume of the Selden Society series (Year Books of Edward II, Vol. VII. The Eyre of Kent, 6 and 7 Edward II, A. D. 1313-1314, Vol. II, London, 1912), W. C. Bolland, the surviving editor, both Professor Maitland and L. W. Vernon-Harcourt having died during the progress of the work, has discussed anew the difficult problem of the authorship of the Year Books. He rejects the old tradition that they were unofficial reports made by officials of the court in their private time, and believes that they were written up from notes taken by juniors of the court in the interest possibly of a syndicate of sergeants, who above other men needed information of this kind. Mr. Bolland's view, which it may be noted is essentially that held by Professor Maitland and presented by Holdsworth in his "History of English Law," seems to be the only solution capable of meeting the many difficult and intricate questions which are raised.

It is the study of a people and a temperament rather than a narrative of war that G. F. Abbott has written in "The Holy War in Tripoli" (Longmans). Partly this is due to the desultory nature of the Italian campaign in North Africa, but in part also to the writer's self-imposed limitations. In return for the Turkish Government's permission to join the forces in Tripolitania, which permission was granted in spite of the fact that Mr. Abbott has been a sharp critic of the Ottoman rule in Europe, the author, writing when the war was still in progress, has omitted such information of a specific nature as might have proved useful to the enemy. The pages are full enough of alarums and excursions, but our interest, and the author's evidently, is almost entirely in his background. Vigorously and in considerable detail, but without the flamboyancies that are usually considered esential to a description of the sun-baked deserts of the brooding East, Mr. Abbott has drawn an arresting picture of arid North Africa and the psychology of its people as it manifests itself in a moment of crisis. The one-sided nature of the war, if we compare the Italians and their Turco-Arab opponents in numbers and equipment, is pitiful. It was the desert alone that held back the European invaders so long. If the Turkish armies now engaged in the Balkans have been sent to the firing line under anything like the same circumstances that obtained in Tripoli, the victories of the allies are altogether explained.

For its romantic interest, the Guadalquivir, described by Paul Gwynne in "Along Spain's River of Romance" (McBride, Nast), should be classed with the Nile and the Euphrates rather than with European streams like the Rhine and the Loire, for its history dates back to the dawn of civilization. The Tarshish of the Scriptures was probably situated near its mouth. Along its banks fought and traded Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Hebrews, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Moslems, and Christians. And at the present day it traverses Spain's sunniest, gayest, and most fertile province. Mr. Gwynne, an Englishman with a fondness for adventure, exploration, archæology, folk-lore, history, and literature, has had the happy thought to follow the Guadalquivir from its obscure source in the hills of Cazorla down to its Mediterranean outlet. This journey was accomplished afoot, on donkey, and in boat. His book reflects his manifold interests. He is always less concerned with the actual river than with what it symbolizes. He presents a good deal of information, but his style is light and readable, though the humor is at times a trifle strained. He is least happy when he makes imaginary peasants recount folk-tales which he obtained from Trueba, Fernán Caballero, and others, a debt acknowledged in the introductory chapter. Mr. Gwynne does not possess the art of making his Andalusians speak naturally. The book is illustrated with numerous wash drawings and colored lithographs.

The "Cligés" of Chrétien de Troyes, the best, in mediæval opinion, of all his romances, has been translated in prose by L. J. Gardiner for Duffield's New Medieval Library. The work has been well done; the rendering is very faithful, and the English is simple, pleasant, and free from affected archaism. The love-psychology which charmed the ladies of Champagne is no longer novel, but "Cligés" is still interesting in many ways—as a deliberate offset to the Tristan story, for instance, and as the first Western version of the feigned-death motive that led eventually to "Romeo and Juliet." The enthusiasm of Mr. Gardiner's introduction, however, is certainly excessive. To say that Soredamors, Guinevere, Fenice, and Thessala "form a gallery of portraits unprecedented in literature" is to bring their slight mediæval pallor into pitiful contrast with the living heroines of classic verse.

Edmund Curtis's biography of Roger of Sicily is a welcome addition to the Heroes of the Nations series (Putnam). The cosmopolitan brilliancy of the court of Frederick II is a matter of common knowledge; it is not so generally known that Palermo was equally cosmopolitan and almost equally brilliant a century before his time, and that the career of Roger as count and king was no less rich in varied activity than that of his more famous grandson. Mr. Curtis does full justice to Roger's personal achievements in diplomacy and in campaign, but it is easy to see that he is chiefly interested in the innovations that marked the political and financial organization of the *Regno*. Introductory and concluding chapters treat the coming of the Hautevilles and the decline of the kingdom under Roger's immediate successors, so that the book is in reality an adequate, though brief, account of the whole Norman dynasty. Mr. Curtis has done his work with admirable completeness and accuracy. One

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or two of the chapters are perhaps rather thick with technical details, but in the biography proper the style is clear and interesting and at times extremely good. The illustrations are excellent. Several are from photographs of places, several from Siragusa's edition of Peter of Eboli. These latter are always printed (doubtless through no fault of the author) "with acknowledgments to Instituto Storico Italiano Fonti, per la *Storia d' Italia.*"

Prof. Henry Wood, head of the German department in the Johns Hopkins University, has published through Georg Reimer, of Berlin, his maiden volume, "Faust-Studien, Ein Beitrag zum Verständnis Goethes in seiner Dichtung." It is remarkable that the German of an American Quaker, a man originally trained under Wülcker, of Leipzig, for work in English, should exhibit only occasional slips. "Und ahmte seinem Stile nach" (p. 10, l. 35) may be a misprint, as there are certainly two in the immediate neighborhood; "Addressat" (p. 23, l. 3) has the sound of commercial correspondence; "So wird man einer noch grösseren Einheit gawahr" (p. 24, ll. 11-12) is quaint, at the very least; "Der soeben zitierte Uebersetzer ins Englische" (p. 41, l. 18) seems clumsy, especially after the suspended construction. Some other peculiar expressions could be cited. But the author's lack of clearness arises rather from an apparent indifference as to whether the reader follows him or not. One gets the impression now and then that Professor Wood is talking rather to himself than to others. The argument in favor of the strong influence of Hans Sachs upon some portions of "Das Vorspiel im Theater" is worked out in detail, but hardly holds, since the theme of the decadent powers of old age is so common that it may be easily assumed in "Faust" without the least suggestion from the old Nuremberg mastersinger. Professor Wood is one of the many commentators who do not feel quite satisfied until Goethe's every idea has been safely traced home to some external source. Of the five essays the cycle of papers treating the witch's kitchen scene is the most extensive. The arguments to prove the Hexe is Johann Caspar Lavater are by no means convincing. Professor Wood contends that, because the Hexe draws her magic circle "mit seltsamen Gebärden" and because she "fängt an mit grosser Emphase aus dem Buche zu declamieren," therefore she must represent Lavater, for he often spoke with great vigor and used vehement gesticulations. Nor is the argument convincing that, as Goethe uses the word "exorzisieren" in a paragraph of "Dichtung und Wahrheit" (Book XIV) concerning Merck and Lavater, it logically follows that he had the Hexenküche and Lavater in mind when he wrote it, and that the witch represents Lavater. The concluding paper on Friedrich Maximilian Klinger's "Faust-Romane" and Goethe's "Faust" is the best of the book. Professor Wood has collected rich material and has handled it well. Rieger's "Briefbuch zu Friedrich Maximilian Klinger" (Darmstadt, 1896) helped to clear up the relations of Goethe and Klinger, especially after the latter removed to Russia, though Rieger, as a relative of Klinger, may have laid too much of the blame for the estrangement upon Goethe. On the other hand, Professor Wood favors Goethe unduly, by reading into the correspondence what is not clearly there. For instance, it is difficult to find in Goethe's letter of May 8, 1814, to Klinger any cunning plan to sound the latter as to the sources of his "Faust-Romane," or in Klinger's lengthy reply of May 26, 1814, any evasion of Goethe's supposed ulterior purpose. But it is an interesting theory.

Under the simple title "Virgil" the Macmillan Company brings out a second edition of T. R. Glover's "Studies in Virgil," noticed in these columns eight years ago. There is little addition or alteration in the text, but the supply of foot-note material is perceptibly increased. The handling of the character of Æneas remains, as before, the least satisfactory portion of a generally excellent book. The difficulty with Æneas is simply the difficulty inevitable to any modern mind of achieving a sympathetic understanding of Virgil's fundamental plan. We can judge Dido according to ordinary standards of human action and passion, but if we attempt to apply the same standards to Æneas we are at once out of harmony with the poet's purpose and our criticisms can end only in confusion. If Æneas had been actuated simply by human motives, his band would never have seen the banks of the Tiber, while, if the gods themselves had adjusted their own differences and led him straight to the destined goal, the poem would have been just as hopelessly disarranged in other respects. Taking the whole history of the Æneid into consideration, it is fairly safe to assume that any one who to-day can find in the protagonist only a miserable failure has not yet found out exactly what Virgil was aiming at. We must take issue with a foot-note on page 160 concerning Horace: "The odes in which he takes the high imperial line of virtue and reformation are very curious. It is hard to imagine any one taking them very seriously who knew Horace at all well, and it is impossible to suppose them to be banter. Perhaps Augustus thought they would do for his public." The serious odes of Horace are hardly as "curious" as the attitude of mind which can read his work as a whole and then seek to exclude any serious moral feeling and purpose from the maturer years in which most of the odes were written.

Cincinnatus Heine ("Joaquin") Miller died on Monday in the one-room cabin which he had built years ago on the Piedmont Hills of California. He was born in Indiana, in 1841, but removed when a small boy to Oregon. He sought gold in California, practiced law, and edited a newspaper. After vainly trying to publish his first poems, "Songs of the Sierras," in this country, he brought them out in London, where they were much esteemed. When he returned to this land, his hermitage in the West became an American institution. He continued to write—hating the labor of it, he said—because it was his best means of support, and published: "Pacific Palms," "Songs of the Sunland," "The Ship of the Desert," "Life Among the Modocs," "First Families of the Sierras," "The One Fair Woman," "The Danites in the Sierras," "Shadows of Shasta," "Memorie and Rime," "Baroness of New York," "Songs of Far-Away Lands," "The Building of the City Beautiful, a Poetic Romance," "Chants for the Boer," "True Bear Stories," and several plays, among them "The Danites."

Charles Major, the author, died on Thursday of last week at his home in Shelbyville, Ind., aged fifty-six. After practicing law for a number of years, he turned to literature, publishing his first book, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," in 1898. Other books followed, among them "Bears of Blue River," "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "A Forest Hearth," "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy," "Uncle Tom Andy Bill," and "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg."

The death, in his fifty-eighth year, is announced from Rochester, N. Y., of William De Lancey Ellwanger, the author of "A Summer Snowflake and Drift of Other Verse and Song" and "The Oriental Rug."

Science

Instinct and Experience. By C. Lloyd Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Bergson's works have attracted so much attention of late that we are not surprised to find the philosophers of the day turning seriously to the old problem of the relation of instinct to intelligence to which the Frenchman gives such prominence, in his most popular book, "L'Evolution créatrice." Accordingly, in July, 1910, at Cambridge, England, a notable array of English psychologists met together with no other object than to compare their own views on this subject, and to listen to an exposition of Bergson's doctrines from his most loyal English disciple, H. Wildon Carr. Upon that occasion, Prof. Lloyd Morgan appeared as one of the principal speakers; and the book before us is virtually a continuation of the debate which then took place. It is a fuller exposition of the writer's views where he feels they have been misunderstood, a reply to criticisms of his positions made by the other debaters, and an attempt to show the relation of his conceptions to those of Bergson, Driesch the neo-vitalist, and others.

The earlier publications of the author have been so attractive to lay readers that we are tempted at first to treat the work before us from their standpoint. It is evident, however, from what has just been said as to the contents of the book, that these lay readers will find themselves in the position of belated persons who do not reach an audience hall until all the principal addresses have been made; and who, finding one of the original speakers rising again, naturally expect to hear from him a résumé and discussion of the most significant points in the debate. But in this they are destined to disappointment, for they discover (p. 2) that he intends to undertake no such task. He acknowledges at the very start that he appears as an advocate of special views from which his fellow-debaters dissent; and his hearers listen in the main to labored efforts to maintain positions which were gained by the debat-

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er in his younger days and which his opponents feel ought to be abandoned or substantially changed. Such general readers are therefore likely to close the book, as they might leave the lecture-hall, with a sense of disappointment.

From the point of view of the technically trained student, we note that the earlier works of Professor Morgan had their special value as records of careful experiment in animal behavior. He dealt with certain distinctions which appear on the surface between instinct and habit, and between instinct and intelligence, and which he found available for his uses and satisfactory enough for descriptive purposes; but it has never been clear that he was giving sufficient thought to the fundamental import of the distinctions he made, which was, of course, the real subject of the Cambridge symposium. One might have expected then to find in this book indications that the criticisms made by his opponents in the course of the debate had led to some changes of view where his positions seemed particularly weak; but this expectation is not met. Our author prefers to stick to his antique guns, not, we fear, without some loss of prestige.

An important part of his argument is based upon a theory of his own in relation to the functioning in special parts of the nervous system. One would think he might himself perceive upon how dangerous a foundation he is thus building, inasmuch as he acknowledges, towards the end of the book (p. 283), "that we are still novices in the interpretation of the integrative processes within the cortex, and . . . ought not to found too much on our present ignorance." How can one who is convinced of this ignorance in relation to the cortex fail to go further, and acknowledge that we really know quite too little of the nature of the functioning within the nervous system to warrant his view that the distinction between reflex action, instinctive action, and the intelligent control due to experience, is based upon differences of functioning within the spinal cord, the sub-cortical brain centres, and the cerebral cortex, respectively (p. 58 ff)?

As a matter of fact, if anything was brought out clearly in the course of the Cambridge debate it was that we have little real warrant for making the sharp distinctions in this field which we find practically serviceable in every-day life; and in the attempt to justify this usage on theoretical grounds, our author becomes involved in not a few troublesome inconsistencies. For instance, we find him (p. 56) defending his old view that instincts are "complex reflexes"; and this notwithstanding his contention, above referred to, that a sharp distinction may be made between reflexes and instinctive reactions because these two types of action involve functioning within diverse nerve tracts. Furthermore, if we agree that he is warranted in holding this view that instinctive reactions are complex reflexes, we can see no reason why he should reject altogether the notion that intelligent control due to experience may be as closely correlated with instinctive reactions as these latter are with the reflexes.

But we may pass over these defects to note one signal advantage in our author's method of approach. It is not without significance that the title given to his book is different from that given to the debate to which it refers; for the author thus shifts our attention from the relation between instinct and intelligence to the relation between instinct and experience, and thus tacitly suggests that instinct and intelligence cannot be properly related if one takes the position of a scientific observer, as he assumes to do. He evidently appreciates that, whereas instinct, on the one hand, is an objective concept appropriately considered by one approaching the subject from the biologist's standpoint; on the other hand, intelligence is a subjective concept, *i. e.*, one relating to our conscious life. The two are indeed on different planes, if we may so speak; and the fact that we overlook this in our attempts to correlate them leads to endless confusion in our thought. So he asks us to attempt the correlation of instinct, not with intelligence, but with experience regarded as an objective fact; and in this is clearly justified. It is true that, notwithstanding his emphasis of the difference between "experienceds" and "experiencings" (*e. g.*, chap. v), he does not always keep this distinction clear before his readers, who are accustomed to use the word experience to refer to mental states. Nor does he himself always avoid the confusions above referred to; as, for instance, when (p. 81) he says that the objective facts which we describe as "acquired modes of behavior . . . fall under the heading intelligence"; or when he endeavors (p. 90 ff) to bolster up the conception of the appearance in the course of evolutionary process of an "effective consciousness," of which conception he made much in his earlier writings. On the whole, however, his determination to cling to objective considerations in attempting to correlate experience with instinct is no small advance in method.

In the comparisons he makes between his own views and those of other writers whose works have attracted attention, he displays his usual skill, and introspective keenness, and, withal, commendable fairness. This is especially evidenced in chapter vii, which is given to an attempt to discover the real meaning of Bergson's "Philosophy of Instinct." Here we find him persistently endeavoring to take a sympathetic attitude, and to comprehend the standpoint and conceptions of this popular philosopher, while presenting a serious arraignment of his views.

Mr. Timothy Lewis, of Aberystwyth College, is preparing for the press a sixteenth-century Welsh medical compendium, containing about 600 recipes, charms, etc., which were probably brought together by Thomas Williams, of Trefriw.

The aged Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace is bringing out through Cassell "Social Environment and Moral Progress."

"A Reader of Scientific and Technological Spanish," edited with vocabulary and notes by Lieut.-Col. C. DeW. Willcox, of the United States Military Academy, is announced by Sturgis & Walton.

Forthcoming science books in Putnam's list include: a new and enlarged edition of "Volcanoes, their Structure and Significance," by Prof. T. G. Bonney, and the following Cambridge publications: "The Modern War Ship," by Edward L. Attwood; "Mendel's Principles of Heredity," by W. Bateson; "The Story of a Loaf of Bread," by Prof. T. B. Wood, and "Collected Papers," by J. Y. Buchanan.

Music and Drama

Practical Reflections on the Figurative Art of Singing. By Giambattista Mancini. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2 net.

Giambattista Mancini was one of the most famous teachers of the old Italian *bel canto*. He was born in 1716, and died in 1800. In 1760 he was invited to Vienna to teach the imperial princesses. Seventeen years later he gave to the world a treatise on the art of singing, the value of which was appreciated at once, especially in France, where two different translations of it were published. The English version, though late, is by no means untimely. Mancini lived at the time when florid song was in its full glory in Italy, and many of the hints he gives are as valuable to teachers and students at present as they were in his day. Although the dramatic style of singing is more in vogue than ever, the public has by no means lost its liking for the ornamental style, as witness the extraordinary furor created a few years ago by Tetrazzini. Richard Strauss introduced in his latest opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," an aria which vies in the brilliancy of its embellishments with the most difficult of the *fioriture* written by Rossini for Patti and other specialists in ornamental song; and Frieda Hempel, who sang this aria, has expressed the opinion that the florid style is destined to prevail once more over the dramatic.

The translator, Pietro Buzzi, of Los Angeles, has turned the quaint Italian of Mancini into lucid English. His dedi-

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cation of the book to Alessandro Bonci, "the only living exponent of the art that made Italy famous during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," may surprise the devotees of Caruso; but Caruso owes his position as the leading tenor of the time more to the beauty of his voice and to the art of dramatic expression than to the practice of the *canto figurato* on which the vocalists of the old Italian school chiefly relied, as does Bonci. The blending of registers, the portamento and appoggiatura, the *messa di voce*, the trill and the mordent, the brilliant cadenza, are all at the command of Caruso, but he does not specialize in them; one forgets his accomplishments in the superior dramatic and emotional qualities of his singing and acting, whereas in the case of Bonci they are his chief stock in trade. Parisian critics were on one occasion very indignant with Caruso for introducing a flourish at the end of "La donna è mobile" in "Rigoletto." They were right to condemn this, for that tune ought to be sung in a simple, straightforward manner; but it was Caruso's sole offence against Verdi's style.

When Bonci sings that same air he makes it the occasion to show how beautifully he can swell and decrease the volume of his tones and do other things the singing teacher has taught him. In the good old times, it was thought the proper thing to apply such tricks on every occasion. Witness what Mancini says in regard to Cuzzoni (the spoiled idol of the public whom Handel once called "a veritable she-devil," and threatened to throw out of the window unless she sang a certain aria as he had written it):

> When singing a melodic song, she knew how to adorn and embellish it with such varied "gouppettos" and passages without marring the melody; now blending, then vibrated with trills and mordents; now "staccato," then sustained, and then loose runs in a redoubled style, soaring with a portamento from a chest tone to a high head tone, and, finally, all these were done with that fine perfection that caused admiration and wonder.

Many interesting details of this nature are given by the author concerning other favorites of the golden age of florid song—Stradella, Faustina, Ferri, etc. The last-named could sing a chromatic chain of trills up and down two octaves in one breath—a feat that seems impossible. Nor can we realize what that meant to the operatic audiences of his day. Melba is famous for her beautiful and even trill, which, however, is regarded as a mere detail of no special importance. To Mancini the trill is "the perfection and beauty" of the art of singing. He is indignant because Signor Manfredini criticised his attitude in this matter, and points out that the public shares his predilection:

> Take a singer who has a good voice, easy execution, good taste, and refined style, perfect cadences, genuine passages, and "Fermate," but no trill, and on the other hand, take a singer with only a few of the above-mentioned qualities, but possessing the trill, and ask the audience who is the better. How can you doubt? The second, of course, is the preferred, liked, and honored.

Mancini gives practical directions in regard to the attainment of a good trill, of agility, and the other things so much admired in his period. He tells about the conservatories in Venice and Naples where these things were best taught, and discourses on the superiority of Florentine speech over other Italian idioms as a model for singers. Recitative and even acting receive some share of his attention, though in a somewhat apologetic fashion, because these arts were so neglected in his day. He also explains why so few succeed in music, one reason being that "women, owing to their sex, abandon study when young and deem it worthless, because they receive praise for their talent." It is amusing to find in these pages, written 130 years ago, the same complaints one hears to-day regarding the decadence of the vocal art and the absence of gifted younger singers to take the place of the veterans. The reasons for the decline are the same, too: "What hope can remain when we see a pupil literally sold by the teacher to the manager, the teacher's only interest being the enormous percentage to be paid him for an incomplete and unfinished course of instruction?"

Putnams announce "Voice Training for Choirs and Schools," a Cambridge book by Cyril Bradley Rootham.

"Chamber Music: A Treatise for Students," by Thomas F. Dunhill, is in Macmillan's spring list.

The Quinlan Opera Company, which is to give the Wagner operas in English in the British Isles next season, and also in the colonies, has returned from an eighteen months' tour, embracing Great Britain, South Africa, and Australia. Over 400 performances were given, and the company travelled 43,000 miles; yet it is stated by the management that "in this period never once has the public been disappointed by the non-appearance of any particular artist, or the changing of the opera."

Munich will have its usual Wagner and Mozart festivals the coming summer. Four of Mozart's operas will be sung in August, while Wagner's "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and the four Nibelung operas will be sung in August and September. Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" will also be staged, and performed four times during those two months.

Teresa Carreño, who is a great favorite in Europe as in America, is doing good work for the cause of American music by including in the programmes of her present concert tour, which takes her to all the larger and many of the smaller European towns, a set of MacDowell piano pieces, which she plays in a manner to spread his renown.

In the London *Times's* remarks on the first performance in England of Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," under Mr. Beecham's direction, two statements are of particular interest: "Even with considerable cuts, which were made last night, the opera is too long." "Every one of Wagner's works might be, and probably has been, cited as supplying something to Strauss in 'Der Rosenkavalier.'"

The first operatic novelty of the season was produced last week at the Metropolitan, not by the Metropolitan Opera Company, which has so far contented itself with revivals, but by the Philadelphia-Chicago Company, which is continuing Oscar Hammerstein's policy of friendliness to new operas. The work in question was "Conchita," by Riccardo Zandonai, a young Italian composer, who has studied with Mascagni. The opera was first produced in Milan in October, 1911, and in the following year it was heard in London—where one of the most prominent critics declared that its score was the most perfect of its kind that had yet come from modern Italy—an opinion which is not shared by the professional judges in this country; nor was any enthusiasm over it manifested by the audiences in any of the three cities (Chicago, Philadelphia and New York) in which Mr. Dippel has so far produced it. The story of the opera is based on "La Femme de la Pantin," by Pierre Louys, considerably modified by the librettists to make it less objectionable on moral grounds. It is concerned with the efforts of a rich man named Mateo to win the love of Conchita, a cigarette girl in a Seville factory, and his failure till after he has given her a good thrashing. It is said that Puccini refused this libretto, and he was certainly wise in so doing. Yet it has redeeming features, chief of which is the fact that it presents scenes of local color that recall the masterworks of Bizet and Charpentier—"Carmen" and "Louise." For these scenes of dancing and the movement of crowds, Zandonai has written some appropriately animated music; and he has learned the trick of orchestrating with brilliant colors. As a whole, however, his score is dull, because of a lack of real melody in either the vocal or the orchestral parts.

Death has carried off, at a ripe age, one of the few members of the extremely numerous Austrian Imperial family, who had a genuine and life-long interest in music. Former rulers and princes of the Hapsburg house are intimately associated with the history of the tone world, but during the past half-century it was principally Archduke Rainer, whose death recently occurred in Vienna, that was associated with the furtherance and cultivation of music. His place is now likely to be filled by Archduke Eugene.

Macmillan's spring list includes: "In the Vanguard," a three-act play by Mrs. Spencer Trask; "English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century," by George Henry Nettleton, and "Representative English Comedies, Vol. II, The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare," by Charles Mills Gayley.

The American Stage Society will give a

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presentation on Monday afternoon, February 24, for the first time in America, of Arnold Bennett's three-act comedy, "The Honeymoon." The cast will include Laura Hope Crews, Mrs. Sara Cowell Le Moyne, G. W. Anson, Howard Estabrook, William Fagan, Ernest Lawford, Frank Reicher, Albert Reid, and Richard Sterling.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society have just produced Thomas Dekker's "The Shoemaker's Holiday," and seem to have acquitted themselves fairly well in the circumstances.

The poetic drama "Nimrod" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard), by Francis Rolt-Wheeler, is the fruit of long and frequent revision. It was first completed as a dramatic poem in 1903, was remodelled and copyrighted as a play in 1906, and has now been entirely rewritten. In its present shape it is not only a notable addition to the modern literary drama, but possesses qualities which, with slight modification, ought to make it valuable for theatrical representation, especially of a spectacular kind. It has an abundance of striking and picturesque incident, contains much vigorous characterization, and is written in fluent and virile blank verse, which, if it seldom soars into the higher regions of fancy, is often eloquent and imaginative and—what is much to the purpose—uncommonly well adapted to stage declamation. Perhaps it may be described most accurately as romantic melodrama of a very superior order. The hero, of course, is that son of Cush briefly immortalized in the Scriptures as "a mighty hunter before the Lord." But it is not in that capacity, except incidentally, that he figures in the play, nor is any attempt made to connect him with historical fact or legendary lore. He is purely a creature of fiction. Serving as the commander-in-chief of Astrael, the King and high priest of the Chaldean city of Eridhu, he aspires to the hand of the King's daughter, Astupheli, who loves him, and has confided to him the secret of his own royal and priestly birth, which her father had zealously concealed. Astrael, threatened by revolution, sends him on an expedition against the cities of the plain, promising Astupheli's hand as the reward of victory, but planning to marry her, by the aid of the priests, during his absence. Learning of this treachery, when it is too late for him to defeat it, Nimrod appeals to the Jewish patriarch, Enochael, who, by prayer, invokes a tempest which obscures the sun and so prevents the marriage rites until Nimrod can return, rescue his love, and avenge himself upon his foes. The story is told with great spirit and with more illuminative action than is generally found in works of this description. Nimrod, Astrael, the intriguing high priest, Cal-Erech, the patriarch Enochael, Astupheli, and several minor personages are vividly drawn and full of histrionic opportunity. And the author has contrived to preserve an appropriate atmosphere of far antiquity, while taking the utmost advantage of poetic license. His Enochael, recalling both Abraham and Elijah, does not belong to the same era as his revolutionary hermit, and Nimrod's political opinions are of a distinctly modern cast, but he, too, for all we know, may have been among the prophets. The learning, the influence, and the unscrupulosity ascribed to the Chaldean priesthood are fully justified, at all events in poetic drama, and the final scene, if somewhat ultra-melodramatic, would afford a rare chance to a powerful emotional actress.

In "Le Théâtre d'Ibsen" (Paris: Perrin & Cie.), W. Berteval, following Ibsen's advice to his critics, has studied the plays chronologically. M. Berteval is always conscientious and sometimes very keen, especially in analysis. By remaining deaf to fanciful interpretations of previous critics, he has cleared up a number of obscurities. Three chapters are particularly good, those on "Emperor and Galilean," "Peer Gynt," and "Brand." The author's avowed purpose is to explode the symbolistic interpretation of Ibsen. In this his chief opponent is Count Prozor, who, indeed, is permitted to present his views in the preface of the present volume. But if the ideas of the symbolists concerning Ibsen are too divergent and conflicting to bring conviction, M. Berteval's brief for accepting the plays purely on their face value is somewhat impaired by Ibsen's willingness that critics should often guess what he meant. Nor is M. Berteval himself quite consistent. On page 3 he says that Ibsen wrote merely for his own satisfaction—"il a écrit pour soi, il a obéi à sa seule inspiration"—and on page 5, "il a un but moral." Another defect of the book is the lack of any broad generalization. While following the chronological order of the plays, the author gives scarcely any indication of the evolution thus suggested.

Art

THE MORGAN PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Mr. Morgan has never collected pictures in the systematic spirit in which he has assembled his incomparable collection of prints, books, autographs, and manuscripts. Quite naturally, therefore, the twenty-nine pictures now generously lent to the Metropolitan Museum represent somewhat divergent principles of selection. In the main, it is a choice of the more important canvases which served to decorate his London house. A few, like the famous Colonna Raphael, the exquisite altar piece of the Alessandri family by Fra Filippo Lippi, the Velasquez, and the Rubenses, were presumably bought for their art historical importance. Some especial unconventional inspiration must account for the purchase of a most winning portrait of a child by an unknown Spanish artist, in whom I should like to recognize Francisco Zurburan. Evidently, the graciousness of the portraiture of the early English school, with the contemporary work of the French portraitists, has made the deepest appeal to Mr. Morgan's taste. Indeed, this has been a characteristic enthusiasm of the collecting of the last thirty years. It is no wonder that, before the restlessness and vulgarity of most modern portraiture amateurs, have willingly taken refuge with the gentle distinction of Sir Joshua, the poetic glamour of Gainsborough, the vital simplicity and rightness of Raeburn. Such French limners as Van Loo, Drouais, and Quentin Latour, while they generally bring a less engaging point of view, offer an even more impressive knowledge and a more satisfying perfection of workmanship.

The drawback to this delightful art is its tendency to push prettiness to the point of sentimentality. One may note it in the portrait group by Mme. Vigée Lebrun, in the reiterated coquettishness of the little girl by Greuze, who winds away her yarn from a mischievous kitten, in Hoppner's Godsal children prettily posing before a setting sun, even in Sir Joshua's head of that languishing fair widow Lady Waldegrave. It would be an interesting lesson in pictorial quality to pass from the English and most of the French pictures to the anonymous portrait of a Spanish child, to Raeburn's Lady Maitland and Miss Rose, and Latour's Mme. de Mondonville. What constitutes the superiority of these latter portraits is their honesty. About most of the others, even including the Van Dyck full-length of a patrician lady and her child, there is some element of clever masquerade.

Yet how lovely some of these calculated effects are! Lady Delmé, with her children and their spaniel, under an oak—could any one play more fetchingly at motherhood? Sir Joshua's cool intelligence, his amazing skill as *régisseur* of the aristocratic spectacle, is here at its height. How fastidiously he declines all expected and commonplace features, retaining the charming slight dissonance between a saffron robe and the mellow browns and greens, where most painters would have been frightened into some obvious harmony. Romney and Gainsborough one does not see at their best here. In the notorious "Stolen Duchess" in her present state I can see little interesting but the mystery of her abduction. Had I won into the Agnews' gallery, I should have stolen preferably almost anything else. Yet the full-length Lady Gideon has much of Gainsborough's chivalric note, and perhaps Lawrence's sensationally effective Miss Farren (more obscurely known as the Countess of Derby) may atone for a certain disappointment in her gallery neighbors. Lawrence was only twenty years old when he painted it, and happily not yet the lazy man of talent, much-fêted knight, and admired P.R.A. Of course, the picture is theatrical, but then Elizabeth Farren was an actress. And you get from the canvas the thrill that her fine eyes suddenly directed upon you would produce.

The great Raphael, which was painted in 1504 for the Poor Clares of Perugia, does not thrill me, when I recall the

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Marriage of the Virgin of the same year. Indeed, I suppose there now is only a few square inches of Raphael's handiwork visible in the entire picture. Yet the design of Raphael is so noble that it seems indestructible either by repainting or copying. We are in the realm of a divine geometry, of an abstract beauty that persists even when its particular forms have deteriorated. Note how the swaying form of the Virgin is steadied and balanced by the little St. John, how the canopy opens like a lily above the pyramidal group, while the angels above suavely carry the diverging lines back into the picture. Even the projecting hood repeats the easy ovals of the pattern in the third dimension. For the best Raphaels we must cross the water; yet we are profoundly fortunate in having so representative a masterpiece in America. In contrast with the garbled surfaces of the Raphael is the authentic, delicate shimmer of downy tempera and gold in Fra Filippo Lippi's St. Lawrence. One can imagine the lusty friar smiling with a certain condescension over the anæmic grace with which he endows the saint, and taking a whimsical pleasure in the ironical worldliness which he imputes to the older saints. The color is as exquisite as that of an apple tree in spring.

Rubens is here in his vitality and measured gorgeousness, but Fromentin is right: Rubens is not a great portraitist. Hobbema, in the famous Water Mill, presents a fine example of his solid uninspired prose. He thought nothing interesting about landscape, but saw it with rare integrity. Turner, in a Venetian scene, brings the contrast of a hectic and not quite normal poetry. Constable, in a scene on his beloved Stour, offers an embarrassment of riches in several charming landscapes not very happily compressed within a single frame. Velasquez's Infanta is admirable in its probity, but the element of charm is not there, nor is the workmanship at all of his most magical.

Raeburn's two Scotch gentlewomen, as I have already hinted, are so simply right and appealing that any words in their regard seem quite superfluous. For me the keen and novel sensation of the show comes from these two portraits, and the nameless Spanish Child; from the Fra Filippo, and the unassuming head by Quentin Latour. But there is much else that is pleasurable, instructive, and in its degree important. In exhibiting this choice group of pictures Mr. Morgan has put all American art lovers deeply in his debt.

F. J. M., JR.

"Ancient Stained and Painted Glass," by F. Sydney Eden, is a Cambridge manual in Putnam's list.

Macmillan's spring list includes "Pictures and Their Painters," by E. V. Lucas.

Finance

NEW AND OLD INFLUENCES ON THE MARKETS.

On Monday of last week, the rate for call money on the New York Stock Exchange—usually a fairly accurate barometer of American money market conditions generally—rose to 4 per cent., as against the 3 per cent. maximum prevalent since the beginning of the year. Last week closed with the rate at 4½. Meantime, the rate for three months' loans in Wall Street has advanced from 4¼ to 5 per cent.

Neither the rate for call money nor the rate for time loans is abnormally high; the one touched 20 per cent. and the other 6, barely two months ago. But that comparison is not the test. The significance of the past week's money rates is better measured by the statement that neither market has reached as high a rate, thus early in the season, in any year since 1907. Taking call money, for example, the present high rate was not touched in 1912, after the first-of-January settlements were completed, until the first week of April; nor in 1911, until the late weeks of December; nor in 1910, a year of much disturbance, until the end of April; nor in 1909, until October.

This unusually early tightening of the money market has not been wholly unexpected. It followed some weekly New York bank statements which made quite as impressive a comparison for themselves. Surplus reserves of the banks in the Clearing House last Saturday were not only barely one-fifth of what they were at that date in 1912 or 1911, but were lower than any February figure during the dozen past years, except for the quite abnormal tight-money periods of 1906 and 1907. The surplus had, in fact, been declining steadily since the statement of January 25, whereas last year the maximum of this season was not reached before February, and the year before, not until March.

But this early turn of the bank position to comparative weakness was no mystery. Currency sent from New York bank reserves to the harvest States, during the autumn season, rushed back in the usual quantity after January 1; but its effect on bank reserves has been offset by export of no less than $25,000,000 gold from New York to Europe and South America, since the beginning of 1913. There has, in fact, been only one occasion, since the outpour of gold which followed the "Venezuela panic" and the breakdown of our Treasury's reserve at the end of 1894, when so large a total sum of gold as this has left New York on export during the first seven weeks of the calendar year. Since the opening of January, also, the loan account of the New York banks, which in that period of 1910 increased $37,000,000, in 1911 $88,000,000, and in 1912 $123,000,000, has this year increased $136,000,000.

That unusually large increase did not reflect unusual activity, either in the season's general business or in its financial operations. But it undoubtedly did signify that New York had this season borrowed less from other great money markets and had lent more to them than is customary at this season. The particular cause for such a condition has been the state of affairs in Europe. Continuance of the Balkan War has prolonged the strain on the great European markets, where the natural effect of the resulting political and financial disturbance has been high money. This condition has been very greatly aggravated through the hoarding of money by the people of Continental Europe, which has drawn huge sums from bank reserves.

Until last week's sudden and sharp advance in Wall Street rates, every European market has this year been bidding more for money than New York, and most of them still pay more than we. Unusual as such a situation undoubtedly is, it is not in all respects a new position; at this time in 1900, European bank reserves were even more upset through the war blockade of the $8,000,000 monthly shipments of gold from the Transvaal mines, and the New York money rate was below that of London, Paris, or Berlin. But the Boer War was very promptly followed by widespread and emphatic reaction in European trade activity, and business demand for credit had very soon sunk to a minimum. The sequel to the Balkan War has been that the general trade activity of the great European States has hardly halted. Last month's export and import trade of England, for example—a fair measure of European conditions—broke all January records.

But all this shows that the abnormal conditions, in the American money market at the opening of the year, are due primarily and perhaps exclusively to the unusual state of things in Europe. It is necessary, therefore, in studying the significance to our own situation of the present week's rise in the New York money market, to make full allowance for these circumstances quite outside of the United States. So long as Europe needs money urgently, and bids more for it than borrowers in New York will pay, the natural flow of capital from the cheapest to the dearest market will necessitate continuance of the conditions under which our own markets have begun the year.

There are three possible turns in the situation which may alter these existing relations between our own and the for-

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eign markets. Termination of the Eastern war might bring to an end the exceptional stringency on Europe's money markets. Our own rate for money might advance so high as to force the European borrowers to go elsewhere. Or a decided slackening in the pace of Europe's trade activity, such as followed 1899, might reduce the foreign need for capital and release our markets from the strain.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, E. C., and Foster, W. D. Heroines of Modern Progress. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Beesly, A. H. Poems Old and New. Longmans. $1 net.
Benson, A. C. Along the Road. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Bernstein, Herman. With Master Minds. Universal Series Publishing Co.
Bertheroy, Jean. Les Chanteurs Florentins. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Biggers, E. D. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.
Bowsher, C. A. Gold. Third edition. Cleveland, O.: University of the World. 25 cents.
Brindley, J. E. History of Road Legislation in Iowa. Iowa City: State Historical Society.
Burrell, D. J. The Old-Time Religion. American Tract Society. $1 net.
Carleton, William. New Lives for Old. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Chisholm, A. M. Precious Waters. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Cooper, C. H. and T. Athenæ Cantabrigienses Vol. III, 1609-1611. With additions, corrections, also a new and complete Index to the Whole Work. Cambridge, England: Bowes & Bowes.
Copeland, M. T. The Cotton Manufacturing Industry of the United States. Cambridge: Harvard University. $2 net.
Copley, F. B. The Impeachment of President Israels. Macmillan. $1 net.
Cureau, Adolphe. Les Sociétés Primitives de l'Afrique Equatoriale. Paris: A. Colin. 6 francs.
Cyr, E. M. Cyr's New Primer. Boston: Ginn. 30 cents.
Danby, Frank. Concert Pitch. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Dauzat, Albert. La Défense de la Langue Française. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Everyman's Library. Nos. 605, 612, 613, 624, 625, 633. Dutton.
Fassett, J. H. The Beacon Primer. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.
Foakes-Jackson, F. J., and Smith, B. T. D. Biblical History for Schools (New Testament). Cambridge, England: Heffer & Sons.
Ford, James. Coöperation in New England. Survey Associates, Inc. $1.50.
Gautier, Judith. L'Inde éblouie. Paris: A. Colin. 6 francs.
Goldin, H. E. Mishnah: A Digest of the Basic Principle of the Early Jewish Jurisprudence, Baba Meziah. Translated and annotated. Putnam.
Grant, P. S. The Return of Odysseus: A Poetic Drama. Brentano's. $1.50 net.
Hall, Thornton. Love Affairs of the Courts of Europe. Brentano's.
Hamilton, J. G. de R. A Plea for a Constitutional Convention (Reprinted from Raleigh News and Observer). Durham, N. C.: Seeman Printery.
Hazlitt, W. C. Man Considered in Relation to God and a Church. Fifth edition, enlarged. London: Quaritch.
Hill, W. S. What a Man Wishes: A Novel. Morningside Press. $1.35 net.
Hunt, E. R. The Play of To-day. Lane. $1.50 net.
Iowa State Historical Society Publications. Applied History, Vol. I, by J. E. Brindley and others. Iowa City.
Kennedy, J. M. English Literature, 1880-1905. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.
Le Gallienne, Richard. The Highway to Happiness. Morningside Press.
Legg, C. A. The Law of Commercial Exchanges. Baker, Voorhis & Co. $3.50.
Leiper, M. A. Latin Subordinate Clause Syntax. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Lenôtre, G. Bleus, Blancs et Rouges. Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.
Lisser, H. G. de. Twentieth-Century Jamaica. Kingston, Jamaica: Jamaica Times Limited.
Lott, E. S. Which Will Be Best for the Workman? United States Casualty Co.
Low, Sidney, Organization of Imperial: Studies in London. 'From British Academy Proceedings.) Frowde.
Lusk, H. H. Social Welfare in New Zealand. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Lydekker, R. The Sheep and its Cousins. Dutton. $3.50 net.
McCarthy, J., and Praed, Mrs. C. Our Book of Memories, 1884-1912. Boston: Small, Maynard. $4 net.
Macy, John. The Spirit of American Literature. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Martin, André Decaen. Le dernier ami de J. J. Rousseau. Paris: Perrin. 3.50 francs.
Molière's L'Avare; Le Misanthrope. Trans. by C. H. Page. Putnam.
Montpensier, Duc de. Notre France d'Extrême Orient. Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.
Moore, F. F. The Devil's Admiral. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Neuman, B. P. Simon Brandin. Doran. $1.20 net.
Opp-Dyke, Oliver. Amor Vitaque. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Patrick, Mary M. Sappho and the Island of Lesbos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Patterson, J. E. The Story of Stephen Compton; A Novel. Doran. $1.25 net.
Pellew, C. E. Dyes and Dyeing. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Post, C. J. Across the Andes. Outing Pub. Co. $2 net.
Rainsford, W. S. The Reasonableness of the Religion of Jesus. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Rambaud, Alfred. Etudes sur l'Histoire Byzantine. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Reiff, P. F. Friedrich Gentz. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Reinach, Salomon. Répertoire de Reliefs Grecs et Romains. Tome III, Italie-Suisse. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Report of the Board of Water Supply, City of New York, December 31, 1911.
Richards, E. E. The Louvre. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Robinson, Lennox. Patriots: A Play. Boston: Luce & Co. 75 cents net.
Rolfe's Satchel Guide to Europe. 1913 edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Rousseau, C. M. The Analysis of Light. San Francisco: The Author. 75 cents.
Silberrad, U. L. Success. Doran. $1.20 net.
Speeches Incident to the Visit of Philander C. Knox to the Countries of the Caribbean. Washington: Govt. Ptg. Office.
Swinnerton, Frank. George Gissing: A Critical Study. Mitchell Kennerley.
Tabor, Grace. Old-Fashioned Gardening. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Taft, H. W. Recall of Decisions. Read at the Annual Meeting of the N. Y. State Bar Assn. Privately printed.
Townsend, Meredith. Mahommed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.
Turnbull, Margaret. W. A. G.'s Tale. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Vizetelly, E. A. Republican France, 1870-1912. Boston: Small, Maynard. $4 net.
Webber, G. D. The Best Motor Routes Through Europe. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Wilkinson, A. E. Modern Strawberry Growing. Doubleday, Page. $1.10 net.
Wilson, Woodrow. The New Freedom. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Wing, H. E. When Lincoln Kissed Me. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.

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